The Baby

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The Baby

by Spklvr

Summary

Will is a very special omega. Special in that he really doesn’t like those smelly, noisy, disgusting, little humans that sometimes grow inside of bigger humans, before tearing apart their birth canal in their grandiose exit into the world. Being in his mid thirties, he thinks he has escaped this nightmare, but mother nature happens to be a bitch...

The Heat

The heat had come unexpectedly early this time, and it had come with a vengeance. Will woke up panting and writhing in bed, slick seeping from his hole and sweat beading down his face. He reached out for an alpha that wasn't there and cursed. Rutting against the sheets while smelling the cologne on Hannibal's pillowcase did nothing but frustrate him, and he threw himself off the bed. Sweating uncomfortably and not knowing what else he could do, he jumped in the shower, made the water as cold as possible, and hoped for some release as he tried to fill himself with his fingers while furiously pumping his throbbing cock. Nothing even felt close to satisfaction. All he felt was a burning pain in his cock and hole. He let out a shout of frustration at the lack of orgasm as he collapsed on the tiles of the shower, still trying to touch that spot inside himself.

Hours passed like a fevered dream; alternating between slow and rapid and always hazy. He moved restlessly about the house, rubbing himself on the floor, moving back to the shower for another dose of freezing cold water; clothes came on and off, but he soon settled for naked. When the scent of his alpha hit his nostrils, it made everything around him irrelevant, and he ran towards the door.

Hannibal entered his house, and just as he felt the magnificent smell of Will in heat, he was violently pulled into the living-room and had his slacks and underwear pulled down before he had even let go of his briefcase. "Will, perhaps we should move to the bedroom."

Will put his hand over Hannibal's mouth and stared him down with glaring eyes. "Hannibal," he snarled. "If you don't fuck me right now, I'm going to bash your head in with a bat!"

Too startled to move or speak, Hannibal could do nothing but obey as Will hurriedly moved down to Hannibal's member, putting his mouth around it and sucking him for the sole reason of making it erect. Normally the smell of Will's heat would turn him just as horny and wanton, but as he had only been in his presence for a few minutes, it had yet to happen. When he finally was hard, Will moved to the other side of the couch, rising his backside and offering himself to Hannibal while leaning over the armrest. While the forceful behavior hadn't done much for Hannibal's mood, having his beautiful mate presented to him in such a fashion, Hannibal's blood boiled and a low growl escaped his lips as he mounted him. It had gotten to him too.

He slipped in easily, Will wet and prepared already, and Will rolled his hips, swelling Hannibal's knot; the only thing that could satisfy him. Normally, he would hide his moans, but now he let them out freely, uncaring, so full with Hannibal's cock and relief from the pain of the heat. And he became louder and louder as Hannibal swelled. Everything became a blur; could only faintly hear Hannibal groan Lithuanian words of affection, could only faintly register that Hannibal even existed besides what of him was inside.

At last the knot was at its peak, hitting Will just right, and while he had been louder than he had ever been before, he was incapable of making a sound or as much as breathing, as the orgasm finally rippled through his body. His toes and fingers curled and his mouth stretched

wide open. The feeling of Hannibal's seed flowing inside of him somehow intensified it, making it longer than he had ever felt it before. Once it finally let up, he collapsed over the armrest, and wiped the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand. Hannibal lay down on top of him and bit down gently on the old bonding scar on his neck.

It took a moment for Will to return to his senses. Only while they were knotted together was he capable of coherent thought and speech. He came to wonder why his orgasm was that much better than it had ever been before, but suddenly realized why as he felt another spurt of sperm release inside him from his alpha. "Shit!" Will exclaimed. "Get out of me, now!" he said and tried to wiggle out of the knot, despite knowing it was impossible.

"Will, calm down!" Hannibal commanded and wrapped his arms around him in a desperate attempt to stop the flailing and tugging at his member.

"We didn't use protection!" Will said. That was why his orgasm was that intense. He had never had unprotected sex before. Will had never felt Hannibal's seed inside of him. Even when he wasn't in heat, he made sure his alpha wore a condom. Just to be on the safe side. "Hannibal, what do we do?"

"Please relax before anything else. You are about to rip me apart." Hannibal rubbed Will's neck, but the pathetic attempt at gentling did next to nothing, as Will was not one to be gentled into submission. "We talked about having children one day," Hannibal said, still fruitlessly gentling Will. "And we're certainly not getting any younger. Omegas your age that hasn't had any children tend to have more desperate heats in order to be pregnant. Perhaps it was a sign that it was about time."

Will knew damn well it was about time. The last time he had been to a doctor, she had told him he didn't have many good fertile years to go, being a male omega in his mid-thirties who had practically abused birth control and heath suppressants and all. That was what he had been hoping for. Managing to stall the baby talk for just a few more years, until it was unfortunately too late for them. They would just have to live their lives until old age full of freedom and without responsibilities besides the dog.

"There must be some way to release the knot," Will groaned and began to wiggle again, and Hannibal forcefully held him down.

"Stop. Moving." Hannibal sighed and continued gentling him, and Will finally allowed the act to relax him. Just a little. "Will," he started, sounding solemn. "Did you lie when you said you wanted a child?"

It took a long time before Will managed to formulate an answer. The way Hannibal looked at him made his stomach churn with guilt, and the longer he stayed quiet the more frustrated those eyes got and he began babbling without a plan. "No." Yes. "I mean… if you didn't want a child, I would be fine without one. You might want it more than I do…"

"Will!" he said, rubbing his forehead and moving as far from Will as he physically could while attached at the groin.

“I don’t like babies!” Will exclaimed, for the first time in the nearly six years they had been together. “They are disgusting and loud and smell bad, and then turn into weird little people that you can’t really talk to, and then they become teenagers that hate you, and then they become tolerable adults and leave you. And you can never go anywhere and there is always something you have to worry about and feel responsible for. I never liked the idea.”

Gently, Hannibal trailed his fingers up and down Will’s forearm, tickling him gently. “I’ve never heard of an omega that doesn’t like children,” Hannibal mused and sighed. To Will’s surprise, he got back next to him and wrapped strong arms around him. “Let’s hope you’re not pregnant then,” he said, clearly disappointed.

“But you want a child, right?” Will asked.

“I do, very much. But I want you in my life more. It’s the twenty first century. We don’t have to have children.” Will smiled, years of tension released from his body, and he gently twisted his body to kiss his mate lovingly. “And it’s not like I didn’t suspect this. Your excuses for waiting were wearing a bit thin. What was the last one?”

“I think I wanted to visit France once more.” Will almost had to chuckle at how ridiculous it sounded, and was happy to have Hannibal resting on him until the heat took charge again, and they barely managed to get up to the bedroom.

One time without protection. He was sure it would be fine. But the next morning he woke up and realized something was wrong. Hannibal stirred awake beside him. He looked confused at first, then audibly sniffed the air. “You’re no longer in heat,” he stated.

“I’m no longer in heat.”

Hannibal opened his mouth to speak, but closed it again as Will glared in his general direction. “Your heats could be shorter because of your age,” he said, opting to speak after all.

“Heats shorten by a day or two as you get older. They don’t stop after one day all of a sudden.” Will grabbed his pillow and covered his face as he groaned a loud, muffled groan into it while Hannibal rubbed Will’s shoulders.

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Will and Hannibal sat in the waiting room of the gynecologist, surrounded by omegas, pregnant and not. As the receptionist called his name, he sighed loudly, even his breath shaking. Hannibal helped him up and into the office, full of guilt-inducing love and support. “Good morning,” Dr. Bloom said with a bright smile. She could clearly not fathom that Will could be unhappy with his predicament. “Is this your first?” she asked, probably sensing the trepidation from them.

“It is,” Hannibal said.

“About time, huh?” the doctor grinned. “Male omegas aren’t fertile that long, you know.”

Will nodded as he sat down in the examination chair. “We were actually considering terminating it,” Hannibal said. Will could tell it was difficult for him to get the words out.

“Oh,” she said, looking rather speechless. Will realized it was rare, if it ever happened at all, for a married omega to ask for an abortion. It was usually the young ones who had been abused by deranged alphas while in heat. “Well, let’s have a look anyway, to see if everything is okay. Pull up your shirt please.” She remained unbiased and professional, but the chipper tone faltered.

She applied the gel to his stomach and got the ultrasound ready. She pressed it hard onto his stomach, much harder than expected, and it took the breath out of him. “Good heart beat,” she said, and Will could almost hear “healthy” being omitted from the sentence. “There it is,” she said, and pointed at a little blob on the screen. Will had to squint to even see there was anything there. It certainly didn’t look human. He turned to Hannibal, whose eyes were watering as he watched the alien float around in Will’s uterus.

“Dr. Bloom, could you give us a minute?”

“Of course,” she said and turned off the machine. “Everything looks good. Wipe yourself off, and I will get you information on termination.” She walked out of the office, leaving them alone in the little room.

“What is it?” Hannibal asked, not daring to be hopeful.

Will used the towel provided to wipe his stomach clean of the gel and pulled his shirt back down before he spoke, wanting a few extra seconds to make sure he actually had made up his mind on this. “We can keep it.”

There was a long beat before Hannibal spoke. “Are you sure?”

“I can’t have an abortion when you’re looking like that. I feel you would never forgive me.”

Hannibal put both his hands around Will’s, and appeared to struggle to say the next words. “I told you I would be happy with just the two of us.”

“Yeah, if I was never pregnant to begin with. Let’s have the stupid baby. But you’re doing all the gross stuff. I’m never changing any diapers or wiping their snot.”

Hannibal kissed his cheek and let his hand slide under Will’s shirt to touch his belly. The doctor came back in then, carrying pamphlets, but put them to the side as she saw them. “We’re keeping it,” Hannibal said, happily.

“Yes,” Will said, not as happily.

“Congratulations!” she said and smiled professionally, trying her hardest not to look as if she had feelings one way or the other about the decision. “Would you like a picture of your baby?”

“Why? It’s just a blob-”

“We’d love that.”

Will grinned awkwardly. “We sure would.”

The Mood Swings: Week 8

Chapter Summary

People claim Will is experiencing some mood swings, WHICH HE MOST CERTAINLY IS NOT SO SHUT UP!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will came into the university as normal, went to his office that he shared with his colleague Beverly as normal, and began to prepare for class as normal. Yet his colleague did not act like everything was normal, which it certainly was. “Is something the matter?” he asked Beverly.

She was blatantly staring while on the edge of her seat, sniffing the air like a dog while. “You smell different today,” she explained, not one for politeness or beating around the bush.

“Sorry for smelling bad,” Will said, hoping to change the topic as quickly as possible. It was still a little too early, but to get away from her, he began to gather his materials for class regardless.

“You don’t smell bad.” She walked up to him and inhaled loudly through her nose. “You smell lovely, actually- Let me carry that. It looks heavy.” She picked up the two books Will had grabbed, and he looked at her puzzled.

“Why would I need help carrying my books?” he asked.

She too looked unsure of her own actions. “I’m not really sure. I just kind of feel like I need to help you. How weird.” She handed them back, and her eyes suddenly widened with realization. “Will, are you-”

“Hush!”

Jack, the director of the psychology department, walked past the open door and stopped dead in his tracks next to it, sniffed the air and fixed his eyes on Will. “Will, are you pregnant?”

Will sighed. “Yes…”

Beverly let out a shriek while Jack came into the room and settled on a paternal pat on the back. “Congratulations. About time. Have you been trying long?”

“Not really. In fact, it wasn’t completely on purpose. But you know, we’re… happy about it.”

Beverly raised an eyebrow at him and quickly turned concerned. “You don’t look that happy about it. Anything you would like to talk about?”

“No, nothing,” Will said with a plastered on smile that he hoped would pass for genuine. “Excuse me, I have to teach a class.” With his books and his notes, he did all he could not to run, and instead sauntered at a fast pace down the halls, to what he believed was the safety of his classroom. The students came in soon after, and he sensed no problems until one young omega girl walked a bit too close and sniffed the air around him. She stopped in front of the desk and looked like she really wanted to ask, but Will made sure his expression told her she would meet her certain demise if she did.

Class started, and he could hear more sniffing and whispering. He was trying to give a lecture, but he was hardly able to be heard over the ever increasing murmur. “Excuse me!” he said loudly, finally quieting them. “Is there anything I should know about, considering how interesting a topic this must be for you all to ignore the lesson on PTSD. Which is in fact the topic for today, in case you didn’t know.”

One lone girl raised her hand and Will motioned for her to speak. “Are you pregnant, Professor Graham.”

“Does me being pregnant concern you in any way shape or form?”

“... No.”

“In that case why don’t you tell me some of the symptoms to look for when diagnosing PTSD?”

“Um…”

“Sorry. Umm is not a symptom of PTSD. Next!”

A boy raised his hand and spoke without Will giving him permission. “Are you going to quit teaching?”

“If you’re going to speak out of order, please do so outside of the classroom.” The boy looked confused. “That means leave,” Will said with a displeased smile, and waited for the boy to gather his stuff and walk towards the exit.

“Are you always going to be this hormonal?” the boy muttered. To his credit, he realized his mistake only half a second after making it.

Will grabbed him by the back of his neck before he could escape, and pulled him along to his desk. “I am pregnant. From this moment on, this fact will not be acknowledged whatsoever, and I shall remain the delightful teacher I always was,” he told the class, then released the boy. “See you next class,” he said to him and watched him leave before he continued, pleased with the terrified faces paying close attention to his lesson.

###

Well at home, he was pounced by Winston, and put a leash on the dog who was excited for his afternoon run. At least he didn't treat him any differently. That day he ran for longer than normal, feeling energized by his hatred for the world. He did notice a worrying trend, however. The cars all stopped for him, some even hitting their brakes to do so, despite him being safely on the sidewalk with no intention of crossing the road. People smiled as he passed, or they looked worried, at his running he supposed. He was offered free cake from the baker Hannibal frequented while waiting at a light, which he refused, and decided then that the next time they went running, he would drive them to the woods.

Back at his house, he could tell Hannibal was home by the smell of dinner on the stove. Normally he would have gone to greet his husband, but all the human contact had him exhausted, and he collapsed on the couch instead. Winston jumped up, settled on his belly and curled up half on top of him, and half on the cushions. They stayed like that for a moment, too tired to move the both of them, until Hannibal came out from the kitchen and stirred him back to life with a sweet kiss on his lips.

"Maybe you could take a shower with me before we have dinner," Will purred and put his arms around his mate's neck and pulled him close. "I worked up quite a sweat."

"Will, I appreciate that you exercise, but perhaps you should speak with Dr. Bloom before you strain yourself as much as you have today."

The anger he felt caused physical pain in his body. What they were all doing to him was probably causing far more damage to the fetus than his jogging. "On second thought, I should shower alone. I smell awful." He pushed Hannibal away with enough force to almost send the man tumbling backwards, before he gently nudged Winston and commanded him to move to his bed in the corner.

"Will…"

Will didn't stay to listen and went upstairs to the en-suite, throwing his clothes off as he got there and stood naked, waiting for the shower to get warm. Only a few seconds later, there was a firm knock on the door that he didn't respond to, and he stepped into the hot shower. "Will!" Hannibal said, clearly frustrated, before politely and carefully letting himself in. "I am only thinking about our child. You decided to keep the baby, and now you have to live with the consequences of that."

"Everyone can already smell that I'm pregnant!" Will hissed.

"It's a delightful and invigorating smell."

"It makes everybody think I'm helpless!"

Hannibal sighed. "It's basic biology, Will. You exude a scent that makes others in your pack protective of you and prevents harm being done to you and your child."

"Fine!" Will groaned while vigorously washing his armpits with Hannibal's expensive soap. "Everybody else may treat me differently, but you cannot! I'm staying away from alcohol and coffee, and everything else on that stupid list of what I can't put into my body. That should be

plenty for the first trimester." Hannibal let out another sigh, then began to undress. "What are you doing?" Will asked, still incredulous.

"I believe that if I am to treat you as normal, I would enter the shower with you."

Will smirked and moved to give room for Hannibal in the enclosed space. He was embraced tightly by the alpha, then spun around and gently pushed against the glass. Normally he would have been more rough, but Will decided to let it go. He didn't want to ruin the mood, especially not when Hannibal was so pleasantly leaving trails of kisses from his shoulder down his spine.

He lingered at the base of his spine, circling with his tongue, teasing him by never quite getting around to where Will wanted his tongue to go. Will playfully splashed his lover with water and Hannibal gently bit his buttock in response, before he finally moved to between his cheeks. Will closed his eyes as he felt the tickle of the tongue against his hole, and soft hands slowly moving to his front.

Hannibal's fingers ran across his cock before tightening in a firm grip, making Will gasp and shudder. He looked down at the hand stroking him, but found his view obstructed by his own shadow. The tongue penetrated him, opening him up to let slick leak. Once Will was thoroughly ready, Hannibal kissed his way back up to Will's neck. Hannibal's erection pressed against him, while his hands grasping each side of him spread him more open. He pressed the head of his cock against Will's opening, teasing him with the anticipation of penetration.

And the anticipation was killing him. His dick was twitching at the lack of touch and the emptiness inside him. To urge Hannibal, he moved his bottom downwards, pushing himself onto Hannibal's stiff length. Still intent to tease, Hannibal pulled away, making his lover gasp with disappointed, only to quickly push himself back into him. His goal was to make Will moan, which was a difficult task, and Will enjoyed not giving him the satisfaction. It made him try a lot harder. Despite this, that push made him lose control for a moment, and an embarrassingly high pitched whimper escaped from his mouth, and he felt Hannibal smile as he pressed his lips against Will's neck.

Hannibal continued to move, at times pounding him into oblivion only to slow down to a downright torturous pace when he felt they were too close. Will moved his hips, imitating the way he did automatically during his heat, to coax the orgasm from Hannibal. The one good thing about the pregnancy was the lack of need for a condom. Feeling Hannibal's semen inside was intense and addictive. Almost enough to consider taking some risks after the baby was out. But only almost.

When Hannibal was close, his breaths, which were usually as ridiculously composed as him, became shallow and erratic, and Will listened for it. Hannibal wanted to slow down again, make it last longer, but Will was impatient. He reached behind him and grabbed Hannibal, making sure he couldn't escape when he began to circle his hips. A muffled grunt signaled the alpha's orgasm, and the release of his seed inside of him triggered Will's.

The orgasm rippled through him from the tip of his toes to his fingers, centered at the base of his cock despite no touch being applied to it. There came no sound from him until it

eventually lost its hold on his body, and he moaned quietly as Hannibal's now limp penis left his body.

Wanting to hold his husband, Will turned, but lost his footing. It was a slight slip on soap residue from earlier in the shower. Even if Hannibal wasn't there to catch him, he wouldn't have fallen. Will was smiling, prepared to laugh it off and continue the post-lovemaking cuddles. After all it had been a while since the last time they had sex, as Will hadn't been in the mood much since his heat. Then he met Hannibal's gaze, so full of panic and his hands were protectively placed around Will's stomach.

"Out!" Will said, all the tension that had left with the orgasm back in ten folds.

"What?" Hannibal asked, daring to be confused at the outburst, that even Will realized was sudden, but still felt Hannibal should have seen coming somehow.

"You promised you would treat me as normally, and then you go have a panic attack because I slip a little in the shower."

In the minute he had been out of the shower, Hannibal had already put on his robe and become his immaculate and composed self, which made Will even more pissed off. "You are angry with me because I caught you when you slipped?" he questioned.

"I'm angry because you protect the baby and not me! Just leave!"

"I'll reheat dinner." Hannibal sighed loudly before leaving the room, and Will quickly washed his hair before finishing up and drying himself off. As he put on his robe, he began to realize he might have overreacted slightly. He hurried downstairs and found Hannibal setting the table for them.

"I might be having mood swings," Will said, and Hannibal hummed in agreement.

"It's normal. Just something we will have to deal with," Hannibal said calmly, and pulled out a chair for Will to sit in. "Is there anything I can do to alleviate some stress?" he asked as Will sat.

Will shook his head. "No, I don't think so."

"Not when being pregnant is what's causing the stress?" Hannibal asked, his tone still cautious.

"I just wish people would let it go. This is the last few weeks where it won't be always notice one way or another, yet everyone is constantly reminding-" Will had to stop himself, feeling a need to sob all of a sudden. He couldn't remember the last time he cried. Not since his previous dog passed away, and all of a sudden tears were streaming down his face.

Hannibal knew better than to acknowledge it, and instead began to serve the food, giving Will time to calm himself. It only took a few minutes before the tears stopped and Will coughed the cry out of his voice. "I'm okay now," he said. "What's for dinner?"

“Will, perhaps we should talk first…” He trailed off as Will’s nostrils flared and eyes narrowed. “About dessert. I was thinking chocolate mousse. Does that sound good?”

“Yes,” Will mumbled.

“And I thought we could invite your father for dinner this Sunday. Tell him the good news.”

Will tensed a little, and quickly estimated how his facial expression should be to look truthful. “I already told him. No need,” he said with slight disinterest. “I can’t deal with you and my dad in the same room when I’m this emotional anyway.” Which wasn’t even a lie. Any meeting between the two alphas tended to end with a very passive aggressive pissing contest. Will wasn’t sure how he would react the way he was now.

“I suppose postponing the dinner for a time you are a bit more emotionally stable is not a bad idea,” Hannibal said, trying to pretend he wasn’t happy to not have the other alpha over. “Do you mind if I have a glass of wine with dinner?”

“Only if I can have a bottle of scotch.”

Hannibal smiled. “Apple cider it is.”

###

Will came early to the classroom again, and waited at his desk for the boy he had kicked out a few days before. He entered only a few minutes before class started, nearly making Will’s fury rise again, but in the last few days he had learned to get a better grip of his emotions and remained calm. “Kevin,” Will said, and the boy jumped back a little. “May I speak with you for a moment?” Will asked, and the young boy nodded. “It has come to my attention, that I have been experiencing mood swings as of late. Although I still believe your comments were out of line, they did not warrant me kicking you out of class.” He handed the boy three stapled together sheets of paper. “Notes from the class you missed,” Will said.

“Thanks professor Graham,” the boy said. “You know, you were really a surprising teacher,” he continued, and Will hoped the boy wouldn’t regret not walking directly to his seat. “I heard you were an omega, so I chose you because omegas are usually more lenient with grades. But you turned out to be a hard-ass. We’re just worried it’s going to get even more difficult to pass your class.”

“Like I said, as long as you don’t acknowledge it, it should be fine.” Being called a hard-ass made him feel surprisingly pleased. “Get to your seat now, and no more comments on my pregnancy, please.”

“Of course, Professor Graham.”

Will smiled, then as he realized everyone had taken their seat, he bent down to pick up his bag. “Let me get that for you!” Kevin said loudly and put it on the desk for him.

“OUT!”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter took way too long to write, and all the blame is on the sex scene, because I am terrible at it... The next chapter is done, and several has been planned, so it shouldn't take too long from now on. Pregnant Will promts are welcome!

Mini-Chapter: The Emotions

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After spending a late night preparing for a seminar Hannibal had someone gotten himself dragged into by that incompetent Chilton, Hannibal found himself waking up after Will. A rare occurrence. Walking down the stairs in his black robe, he smelled coffee and hoped the omega had been uncharacteristically thoughtful for a change and hadn't had a cup himself. Then he heard a sob. A loud, quivering sob coming from his beloved, and he ran into the living-room.

Will was huddled up on the couch with the dog and a pile of expensive blankets and pillows, and was desperately trying to hold back his crying, but failing. Tears were streaming and he whimpered loudly as breaths were caught in his throat. "Will, what's the matter?" he asked and hurried to his side. He sat on the couch and attempted to put his arms around him, but he was hard to find under the mountain of fabric he had hidden himself beneath.

"I'm fine. It's nothing. Go make breakfast or something," he said. It was hard to hear him through the sobbing.

Will had been hormonal lately, sure, but Hannibal had yet to see him like this. "Will, you know you can talk to me about anything. Does it have to do with the baby?"

"No! Just go! Out!" he shouted, clearly trying to muster up an annoyed tone.

"You can't just tell people 'out' all the time, Will. You have to talk things through."

"I don't want to tell you."

"Why? Is it something about me? Or us?"

Will sniffed and calmed down slightly, but the shiver in his voice betrayed the otherwise calm face. "If you must know…" He paused, looking at him with pleading eyes, wanting him to tell him to stop, but Hannibal wouldn't. "There was a dog food commercial and the puppy in it was really cute."

Hannibal blinked. "And?"

"No 'and'. I saw a cute puppy and started crying uncontrollably." Hannibal tried hard not to laugh. He really did. But a snort escaped and Will elbowed him, but it did little as he was padded with several layers of fabric. "It's not funny!" Will cried. "This crying is really inconvenient! What if this happens while I'm giving a lecture?"

"Everyone will understand," Hannibal said, still trying to contain his laughter. He could not stop the grin. "You are pregnant. These things happen. You will feel more stable in a few weeks, so let me enjoy you being vulnerable for a while."

“Shut up,” Will said, but snuggled up against his alpha as Hannibal kissed his forehead. “I’m not vulnerable! I’m not some sobby omega,” he said, and Hannibal hummed in agreement as he continued to plant little kisses on his cheeks. “I’m independent and not emotional. I don’t need you. I want you.”

“You just think puppies are really adorable?”

“... Yes.” Will sniffed a last time and took a deep breath. “I think it’s stopping.”

The omega nuzzled his face into Hannibal’s shoulder. While playing with his lover’s messy curls, Hannibal happened to glance at the television and saw a chubby Golden puppy happily eating its puppy chow, and had to stop himself from telling Will to look. The crying and unusual vulnerability was adorable, but Hannibal was not that mean.

Chapter End Notes

A scrapped idea from the previous chapter, that I thought was cute enough to add as a sort of Christmas present to the lovely readers of this story. May you have a happy December regardless of whether you celebrate something at this time or not.

The Morning Sickness: Week 9

“The investment theory is fairly simple. It has to do with the concept that there are three things that will keep a person in a relationship, whether business, romantic or platonic. The level of satisfaction with the relationship, the quality of alternatives to the relationship, the size of the investment put into the relationship, which could be time, money or children, all determine the commitment level and thus the probability of persistence. Now I want you to pair up and discuss your commitment levels to various relationships that you have for the next ten minutes. If you’ll excuse me.”

Will walked out of the classroom at a determined, but relaxed pace. As he exited the room, the pace quickened, as the realization that the bathroom had apparently been moved miles away from its original location dawned on him. He found a stall and released his stomach contents into the toilet bowl. He had been nauseous in the mornings for a couple of weeks, and had been hunched over the toilet a few times when it felt like it might happen, but this was the first time he had actually thrown up. He flushed the toilet, praying it wouldn’t clog, and sighed with relief when it didn’t and stood upright, only to have to hunch over puking a second time.

Once the baby had properly disposed of Hannibal’s delicious breakfast, Will felt like a hollowed out pumpkin. Looking at himself in the mirror, he determined he certainly could pass for some kind of Halloween creature. He washed his face and rinsed his mouth thoroughly before returning to his classroom. “Hi, Will!” Beverly said as she passed him, and he feigned a smile. “You okay?” she asked.

“I’m good,” he said, but as he continued to walk, she grabbed him by the collar of his shirt and moved him back a few steps to make him face her again. “What?”

“You look a little pale. Morning sickness?” she asked with forceful concern.

“No.”

“No?”

Will shrugged, trying to show her just how fucking ridiculous she was for assuming he wasn’t fine.

“Okay then,” she said with a smile, then began rummaging through her bag. “By the way, do you have a second to look at something? I could use your opinion on it.”

“I guess I have a second.” He relaxed his pose as he waited for her.

“Does this smell off to you?” she asked, pulling out a box of kimchi that smelled as if it had spent a few weeks forgotten in the backseat of a hot car. He only barely managed to flip her off before running back to the toilet.

###

When Hannibal came home, he was met by an antsy dog, clearly waiting for his afternoon run. “Will?” he asked, seeing his mate’s shoes and coat haphazardly thrown about in the hallway. In response, he received a groan, that might have said “here”, but he couldn’t be sure.

Will was lying face down on the couch, with a bucket next to him. “Hannibal…” he said, moaning. “Did you buy Pringles?”

“I did,” he said, finally understanding the odd purchase request he had received by text, and put the can next to his mate, who grabbed it and began eating. “Morning sickness?”

“No, because calling it morning sickness would suggest that it ended in the morning,” he said with his teeth gritted, glaring at Hannibal with hatred and fury. “Why would you do this to me?” he growled, then collapsed face down in the pillow.

Hannibal sat down on the armrest and twirled Will’s curls around his finger. He wanted to point out that he had had little say in anything at the moment of conception, but taking his partner’s current condition into consideration, he decided against it. “Asking if you want dinner might be a silly question.”

“Pringles can be dinner,” Will moaned.

“Not very nutritional for the baby…”

“Baby?” he asked, confused. “Oh, you mean the hellspawn growing inside of me? It will let me know when it wants something else. Don’t worry about it.” He ate another Pringle, crunching it loudly with his mouth open, then resumed the face in pillow position.

“I can make you a light meal. Some fruit or salad.”

With a loud hurl, Will threw himself to the side to reach the bucket and vomited what was mainly stomach acid and undigested Pringles. “Hellspawn says no,” he snarled as he curled up in the fetal position.

###

Will refrained from eating anything but water and chips the remainder of the day, and went to bed starving with no appetite. What was the point of being married to a great cook like Hannibal if he couldn’t even eat the food?

At four a.m., the hellspawn had apparently decided Will’s stomach acid made his stomach too full, and Will had to run to the bathroom. His throat was sore by the time he was done. Too sleepy to do anything else, he found a towel on the rack to use as a pillow as he rested on the surprisingly comfortable heated tiles. For a second he thought he might get some rest, but the hellspawn had different plans. Another burst of acid was released from his stomach, too suddenly for him to reach the toilet in time, and in splashed on the tiles.

“There is nothing left!” he shouted at the creature in his stomach. “You have officially drained me of all nourishment. Nothing left for either of us! Are you not happy yet?”

“Will?” Hannibal asked, his eyebrow raised. “Are you shouting at the baby?”

Will combed his fingers through his hair and wiped the clamminess off his face. “I’m just so sick of throwing up, you have no idea.” He stood on shaky legs and reached out for the paper towels to start cleaning, but Hannibal stopped him.

“Sit down, my love,” he commanded and sat Will down on a stool. He moistened a cloth with cold water, then began to wash Will’s burning face. Tired as he was, Will closed his eyes and rested against Hannibal’s hand, until he suddenly felt something poke inside his ear and beep. “No fever,” Hannibal said, detached and in doctor mode. “Are you experiencing any pain?”

“Only sore throat.”

“When did the feeling of nausea begin?”

“About two weeks ago, but I never threw up until yesterday.”

“It might not be a comfort, but vomiting is actually a good sign, and you are in the first of what most omegas experience to be the worst two weeks. Maybe you should call Dr. Bloom about some advice to relieve morning sickness, and if it doesn’t get better by week 11, we should make a proper appointment.”

Will let himself fall forwards and be caught by Hannibal, and snuggled into his alpha’s neck. “Stop being Dr. Lecter and be my husband Hannibal.”

“I apologize.” Will could feel the smile against his cheek as Hannibal’s soft hand was placed on the back of his head. “Are you able to go back to bed? Or should I make you something to eat? Being hungry might make the feeling of nausea worse.”

“I want bread.”

“Of course. I could make you french toast with some of my homemade jam and strawberries-”

“Just bread,” Will interrupted. “Really dry bread.”

Hannibal chuckled and helped Will stand. “Dry bread it is.”

###

Despite his better judgement and Hannibal’s pleads for him to take a day off, Will went to work. He only had one lecture to give, the rest was office hours, and so he figured it would be

doable. He also had a pile of papers to grade, but feared he might fail them all in his current mood.

“Good morning,” Beverly said as she walked up to his desk with a too bright smile on her face. Will still hadn’t forgiven her for the Korean food exposure, however, and scowled at her. “I’m sorry about yesterday, but I was trying to prove a point.”

“Which point would that be? That you are capable of making me vomit with your disgusting lunches?”

“No, but it’s a good threat, isn’t it?” She sat down on the table and patted Will’s head in a playfully condescending manner. “I’m just telling you to be more honest about your feelings. I’m your best friend, you know.”

“Are you?”

“Yes! And here,” she said and put another lunch box in front of him, with the lid securely on this time. “This has a lot of ginger in it. My mom told me about it. It’s supposed to help omegas with morning sickness.”

Will poked at the lunch box with his ballpoint pen, not trusting Korean food in the slightest, especially not Korean food brought to him by Beverly. “Open it over there!” he said, pointing at the other side of the room.

“Are you serious?”

“Very.”

She sighed, but obeyed as she walked to the other side of the room with the box, opening it by the door. “Do you have to vomit yet?” she asked. He inspected the contents, generic, brown, Asian food with flat cuts of meat in sauce and shredded carrots.

“Okay so far…” Will said and allowed Beverly to walk closer. Taking one slow step at the time, holding out the food with outreached hands, she approached Will.

Jack entered the room, about to speak, but stopped himself as she saw the two. “What the hell is going on?” he asked.

“We’re making sure Will doesn’t throw up from my food,” Beverly explained, taking a last, long step towards Will and presented the food to him.

“It doesn’t smell too bad,” Will said, hesitantly accepting the food. “And it’s supposed to help for my nausea?”

“Full of ginger.”

Jack came over and gave it a whiff. “Looks good,” he said. He grabbed a slice of meat, a shred of carrot slightly sticking to it. As Jack put it in his mouth, the carrot didn’t quite follow, poking out at the corner of his mouth, sticking to his skin with the help of dribble. It

fell out and landed on his chin in a mess of sticky sauce and spit. Will grabbed the trashcan and said goodbye to the only food he had managed to keep down for over 24 hours.

###

"Did you try ginger or salty foods?" Dr. Bloom asked, her smile happy, but with the appropriate amount of concern. Not enough to make him worried, but enough to show that she understood the problem and didn't find his impromptu visit to her office an inconvenience.

"I've been binge eating Pringles for three days. Nothing else stays down."

She chuckled and pushed herself towards the computer. "I will prescribe you something," she said and began typing. "Considering the amount of vomiting and your age, it sounds like you have HG, which in layman's terms is excessive vomiting. The baby has a healthy heartbeat so there doesn't seem to be anything to worry about there, and the nurses will take your blood sample and we'll get back to you tomorrow afternoon on the results."

"Thank you," Will said.

"Anything else?" she said, probably seeing there was something he wanted to say.

"It's stupid," Will said, hoping she would let it go, but with blue eyes full of care and non-judgment, she coaxed it out of him within seconds. "I feel like the little hellspawn is exacting its revenge on me."

"For calling it hellspawn?" Will gave her an exasperated look. "For considering an abortion?"

"Yes."

She shifted uncomfortably in her chair. "May I ask why you wanted an abortion? Are there problems at home? With your alpha?"

"No. Hannibal is a very loving and doting alpha. He's a great mate and he's going to be a great father. That's why I'm having this baby. For him."

"It's unusual for an omega to not want children."

Will chuckled. "I was always bad at being an omega. I focused on my career, slept around with betas, and avoided alphas and bonding with them at all costs. I lack something in the nurturing department."

"How did you end up with Hannibal then?" she asked. Her expression was still so open and understanding, whatever he had kept inside was all coming out to her. He had to give it to her. She was a great fucking doctor.

“He was a guest lecturer once. We got to talking and he managed to convince me to go out with him. I figured one date wouldn’t hurt. I was wrong. Next year, we were bonded. That was about five years ago now.”

“And he was fine with you not wanting a child?”

“I kind of promised him we would have one someday. Even stopped taking suppressants for him.” He paused, realizing he was telling half-truths. “Actually, I had to stop taking them because I started reacting negatively to them. Then after that, I just always had an excuse right before my heat. I need to focus on my career for the next six months or so, I need to accomplish this or that before a baby consumes our life, I want us to travel first. All that bullshit. I ran out of excuses in the end.” He pointed at his stomach as he said the latter. “I don’t feel anything for this thing inside of me. What if when it comes out, I still don’t love it?”

“I always really wanted children,” Dr. Bloom said, her expression thoughtful, almost nostalgic. “When I got pregnant for the first time, I was so thrilled to begin with. Then I had an early ultrasound, did it on myself even, and knew perfectly well what to expect seeing. But I didn’t feel that unconditional love for it as I expected. It didn’t feel real. Didn’t look real. But then as he grew and started to look like an actual human, when I could feel his hands and feet hitting me in the guts, the love came as well.” She smiled and took Will’s hand in hers. “If you didn’t already care about your child, you wouldn’t be worried about these things.”

Will laughed and nodded. “So you have kids?”

“Two alpha boys.”

“Ugh.” Will winced at the thought.

“Tell me about it. But I love them, more than anything.”

“And I will love this thing?”

“Maybe it would help if you stopped calling him or her hellspawn and came up with a more endearing nickname?”

“No,” Will said. “It’s a hellspawn for sure, but it’s my little hellspawn.” She giggled. “Thank you, Dr. Bloom.”

“Call me Alana. I’m an omega too. I hate titles.”

“Same as me.”

“So you have something in common with the rest of us, then.”

“Apparently so.” They smiled warmly at each other as Will shook her hand and bid her farewell.

###

Hannibal was reading a book on pregnancy, hoping to find suggestions that could alleviate his partner of his sickness, when he heard Will rush in through the front door. He expected to see both his mate and their dog come in, but neither appeared. Instead he heard the water run in the downstairs bathroom, which was really only used by guests, and Hannibal followed the sound. Will was sitting on the floor with the dog in his lap. Poor Winston was whimpering and bleeding from his paw, and Will was gently washing it with a cloth. He soothed the scared dog easily with soft words and scratches behind the ears. Hannibal couldn't help but think about what a great father Will would make.

Mini-Chapter: The First Christmas

Chapter Notes

> When I planned this story, I assumed I would get the chapters out a lot more frequently. I just have to accept that I'm a slow writer... but I wanted to release this while Christmas was still relevant. So enjoy this mini-chapter that takes place much later in the pregnancy, and then tomorrow we return to our regularly scheduled programming :D

When Netflix wanted to make sure Will was still watching for the second time, he began feeling a bit guilty about leaving Hannibal to do all the work by himself. However, he really hadn't been feeling great that morning and all the smells from the kitchen had made him nauseous. That didn't really excuse his refusal to help with the decorations and cleaning. That was simply Hannibal being too fuzzy and Will not being emotionally able to handle someone being angry about the napkins not matching the candles. It was only family coming for Christmas, not royalty. Although just as he thought it, he realized Hannibal's family sort of were royalty.

And so he had excused himself, claiming to desperately need a nap, and curled up in bed with his laptop and a plate of cookies, where he had caught up on shows he had missed while being too busy grading papers. With each hour that passed, he would glance at the watch and say only fifteen more minutes, but his brain was quick to find excuses for why there was no way he could help Hannibal right at that time. The excuses being a slight, passing wave of nausea, the baby twirling a bit and needing rest, or just being kind of tired though he wasn't about to sleep. "Who would have thought. You're good for something," he told his hellspawn and fed it some gingerbread for not being a pain for once.

One more episode passed and the door opened softly, but not slowly enough for Will to hide the things occupying his bed. Hannibal opened his mouth to speak, but ended up not being able to say much when he realized just what he saw. "What are you doing?" he asked and Will swallowed the last cookie, feeling like he wasn't getting any more of them for a while.

"Hellspawn wanted cookies," he said. "Don't worry. I'll manage dinner too. No problem."

Hannibal folded his arms and scowled. "Did you use the baby as an excuse just to get away from helping me?"

"No!" Will said loudly, but didn't have an immediate response that would get him out of trouble. "I was sick, then I got hungry, and I thought watching a little Netflix would help me sleep."

"Will, you know this is very important to me! I haven't seen my aunt and uncle in over a year, and I want everything to be perfect when they come."

“They won’t care, Hannibal!” Will said, exasperated, and got out of the bed and walked to him. “Whatever you cook will be delicious and the house already looks great. You’re too stressed.”

“Because there is still so much left to do! Over half the dinner and dessert are still not prepared, the guest room is a mess, I need to go out and buy new napkins-”

Will put his hand over Hannibal’s mouth, and the alpha made some protests until Will pulled up his shirt and forced Hannibal’s hand on his belly. “Hellspawn’s kicking,” Will said and Hannibal nodded. The tension left his body and his eyes grew wetter as the baby kicked at the pressure it felt.

“Incredible,” he whispered.

“I’m glad you finally get to feel the movement too. This little asshole has been rolling around inside of me and keeping me up at night for weeks now. It’s nice to be able to share it.”

“What a lovely Christmas present.”

“Of course you would say that. The timeframes just happened to coincide.”

Hannibal chuckled and pulled Will close. “Don’t think you’re out of trouble just yet,” he whispered and kissed his cheek.

Will sighed loudly. “What do you need me to do?”

“I have a very important job for you.”

“What?”

“To taste test the new batch of cookies.”

Will grinned and made a mental note to thank the hellspawn later. “I can do that.”

The Grandfather: Week 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Although the medicine prescribed by Alana had helped with the morning sickness, if he ventured too far from the hellspawn's preferred diet of bread and salty chips, Will would soon find himself hunched over the proverbial porcelain bowl. And since Hannibal had cooked one of the most delicious meals Will had eaten in ages the day before, it was only natural that he would be awoken at 6 a.m. on a Saturday morning because of his need to throw up aforementioned dinner.

When he returned to bed, Hannibal was awake as well and reached out an arm for Will to lay in. "How are you feeling?" Hannibal asked and pulled him into a tight embrace beneath the warm covers.

"Okay now. The nausea is over." Will nuzzled against Hannibal, resting his head on his shoulder and let Hannibal caress Will's just recently begun to protrude belly. Although the touch was nice, he realized that since his lazy Saturday morning was ruined anyway, he might as well enjoy being up, and carefully led Hannibal's hand further down. The alpha smiled against his face as his fingers lazily teased Will's pubic hair. Will responded by trailing his fingers along Hannibal's bare chest, circling around the nipples and twirling his thick chest hair.

The pleasant, sleepy fumbling was rudely interrupted by a shrill, unnatural sound, and Hannibal reached for his phone with an annoyed groan. "Hello," he said, his voice hoarse and accent thick. Not knowing when he would be in the mood again, Will wasn't about to let a phone call stop him. He sucked on Hannibal's neck, but Hannibal moved away from his kisses. "Hi, Bill. How are you?" he said, killing Will's boner. "Will actually is awake. No, not *still* awake. He was throwing up I'm afraid. He's been suffering from a bout of mor-"

"Hi, dad!" Will said loudly into the phone, stopping Hannibal from saying anything else.

"Oh, morning Will," his father said. From the sounds surrounding him, Will could hear his father was outside by the river. Probably why he had decided to call, with no consideration for other people's sleep schedule. He tended to forget time somewhat out there, as did Will for that matter. "What was Hannibal talking about?" he asked.

"I'm just a little hungover. Went to some work event yesterday."

"You should be careful. You're not a teenager drinking my beer behind the shed with your friends anymore," he chuckled. "I was wondering if you wanted to come fishing tomorrow morning. The river is filled to the brim with carp, ours for the taking."

Will smiled. It had been a while since he was out fishing, and he and Winston could use some air. "Sounds good. I'll meet you at six."

“Five-thirty!”

Will chuckled. “Fine. Five-thirty. See you tomorrow. Bye.” Will hung up and turned back to Hannibal. “Let’s continue,” Will whispered and moved his hands down Hannibal’s torso, but was stopped rudely.

“You told me you spoke to your father.”

“I did speak to him. Just not about the baby.”

“Will!”

Will pouted, hoping to get away with it that way. Hannibal was always a sucker for his sad face. Typical of alphas to soften if their omegas experienced discomfort. “You were going to invite him for dinner and make a big deal out of it. I just wanted to tell him in person.”

“Are you?”

“Tomorrow, while we’re fishing.” Will sat himself in Hannibal’s lap and put his arms around him. “Please forgive me.”

“Don’t think I don’t know you’re wrapping me around your little finger,” Hannibal chuckled before pushing Will down on the bed, about to give Will a punishment he didn’t mind getting.

###

Will met his father at five-thirty-five the next day, and the old Graham was already impatiently tapping his feet on the old wooden steps of his little cottage. After Will got engaged to Hannibal, his father had insisted on coming to keep an eye on his precious omega boy, and found himself a spot in the middle of nowhere near forests to hunt in and rivers to fish in. He greeted his father with a hug, and the old alpha looked at him curiously. “You smell different,” he said, barely acknowledging Winston who was lightly jumping for attention next to them.

“New cologne,” he explained, and his father accepted that explanation without question.

“Let me carry your stuff for you!” his father said as Will brought out the fishing equipment from his car, and quickly grabbed it all from him, but clearly not thinking too hard about why he was compelled to do that.

They walked down to the river until they found a spot in the sun and sat everything up, then plopped down in their chairs. The September air was comfortable, still and warm. There were no sounds of cars or people, as his father didn’t really count. His presence was a quiet and comfortable one. Only the sounds of the river, the birds and Winston happily playing with fallen leafs behind them could be heard. Under any other circumstances, he would have been

utterly at peace. “Here,” Bill said and offered Will a beer. Though tempting, Will only smiled and put it next to his chair while his father downed his. “You’re not having any?”

“Not completely up for a beer yet,” Will said.

“Still hungover? You’ve become an old man,” he chuckled.

Will contemplated waiting, or not telling him altogether, but it had to come out sooner or later, and it should preferably come out before the baby. “I have something to talk to you about, actually,” Will started, and Bill looked to him with a curious, but unconcerned expression. “I’m…” He paused for a moment as mild panic swept over him. “You’re going to be a grandfather.”

His father stared at him dumbfounded for several hour long seconds before he finally responded. “What?”

“I’m pregnant.”

“You shouldn’t be getting hungover then,” he said, still a little dazed by the news.

“I wasn’t hungover, I was just having morning sickness.” Will wanted to smile, but his father’s expression made his face tense. “How do you feel about this?” Will asked cautiously.

Bill shrugged. “I’m just surprised. Whenever the topic of children came up during family dinners, you would always just get really silent.”

“I know. It was a bit of a difficult topic to talk about for me, but now that I’ve gotten more used to the thought, I’m excited. Terrified, but excited. Sort of.” A statement that was more or less true. He was terrified. Will scanned their surroundings, making sure they really were all alone, which considering their location, was quite likely. Despite it embarrassing him, it was okay if it was for his father, and he pulled up his shirt to reveal the still miniscule baby bump.

His father stared with at it with eyes full of astonishment and love. “Wow. How far along are you?”

“Eleven weeks,” he said and pulled his shirt back down. He could see the cogs turning in his father’s head. “That’s just under three months.”

Bill patted his son’s back, and just as Will thought this meant they were about to drop the subject and fish, his father suddenly sobbed loudly. Will was startled; couldn’t believe the sound he had heard from his father, and stared in disbelief as tears welled in his father’s eyes. “What’s going on?” Will asked.

“I just… didn’t think this would ever happen,” he said, tears flowing and voice cracking. “I’m so glad I get to experience this. That I get to meet my grandchild.” He embraced Will tightly, almost pulling his son out of the chair.

“Dad, get it together! You’re an alpha.”

“I can’t help it. I’m so happy for you, son.” He somehow held him even tighter and put a hand on Will’s bump. “And I’m so excited to meet you, little guy,” he told his stomach. Will knew this would be coming at some point, but besides a few gentle kisses from Hannibal, Will had yet to experience people interacting with his stomach.

“Dad, please stop! There is a fish! I big fish! You should catch it!”

“Who cares about fish? I’m going to be a grandpa!”

Will sighed and, defeated, let his father squeeze the life out of him as he pleased.

###

Hannibal felt some trepidation about going back to the dining room once he had cooked the fish Will and his father had caught. He hardly wanted Will to be upset in his condition, though if Will ever found out that Hannibal wanted to spare his feelings due to the pregnancy, his lovely omega would probably banish him to the guestroom until the end of the second trimester. Despite his love for Will, he had never completely gotten along with his father. The man was a completely different man than Hannibal, and had never completely approved of Hannibal as Will’s new alpha either. Not that Will was the type to listen to his alphas.

If Bill could decide, Will’s alpha would probably be a younger version of Bill. A loner living in the woods, preferably a mechanic, or maybe a forest ranger that could look the other way if he hunted out of season. His choice would certainly not have been a highly educated doctor who was part of the socialite. Though Will was similar to his father in some ways, Will still had intelligence and refinement which Bill lacked. And beauty, lest not forget. Where Will was aesthetically pleasing regardless of whether he had just woken up or headed for the opera, Bill was less so. Tall and burly with a thick beard and graying hair, wearing only clothes found for less than a dollar at Goodwill, and always smelling of dead animals, Bill wasn’t exactly a sight to behold.

“Are you hiding?” Will asked as he came into the kitchen, interrupting Hannibal’s thoughts. He walked up to the oven and gave what Hannibal was cooking the once over. “Looks good,” he said and smelled the dish, then spent a second silently staring at nothing, which Hannibal now recognized as the look he had whenever he was expecting to be nauseas. “Hellspawn approved,” Will said at last with a smile.

“Well, thank you my little hellspawn,” he said to Will’s belly, making Will frown, but Hannibal enjoyed speaking to his child.

“I’m dreading it when other people start doing that. My dad did it too. The baby can’t hear you, you know. Does it even have ears yet?”

“The baby is supposed to be able to hear us. Haven’t you heard that playing music for the child is supposed to increase its intelligence?” Hannibal said with a playful tone, knowing

both of them doubted such quasi science.

“It could use some. Right now it thinks all food is poison.” Hannibal kissed Will’s forehead before he put a plate in his hand.

“We’ve hidden long enough. Let’s get back out there.”

Bill was practically beaming as they returned to the table. Scrutinizing the fish was all but forgotten in favour of his unborn grandchild, and he helped himself to a large portion without hesitation, when he would normally pick at it for some time while making remarks about what he considered unnecessary presentation.

Just in time, Hannibal noticed Will helping himself to an equally grand portion. “Will, please be careful of the amount of fish you eat.”

A low guttural growl more remiss of a primal alpha preparing to battle was made by the omega before he reluctantly removed some of the fish. “I’m glad you’re taking such care with the baby,” Bill said. The statement, though general, was primarily directed towards Hannibal, which he found curious.

“Of course,” Hannibal said. “We want the best for our child.”

“I know, but I realize that you didn’t-”

“Hannibal, I’m feeling a bit sick. Could you make me some tea?” Will interupted. As Hannibal did not see any of the usual telltale signs of Will being nauseous, he couldn’t help but be suspicious at the sudden interruption.

“Perhaps we should let your father finish his sentence first?” Hannibal suggested.

“Don’t mind me!” Bill said, obviously rattled by his son’s discomfort. “Can I do anything for you?” he asked Will and hurried to his side. Although Hannibal was certain Bill loved his son more than anything else in this world, it was rare to see such a blatant display of affection between them. It caught Will off-guard more than Hannibal; the omega practically flew off his chair at the loving touch.

“I’m fine…” Will said. His eyes darted back and forth, looking for an escape. “I should go to the toilet just in case.” The escape was found and he stormed off, leaving the two alphas by themselves.

“Will he be alright?” Bill asked as he sat back down.

“Yes. An unfortunate side effect of pregnancy,” he said, the civilized and friendly tone between them an unfamiliar taste on his tongue.

“I am glad you came around at last.”

Hannibal stared at Bill as the older alpha took a bite of his dinner, still looking in the direction his son had gone. “Pardon?” he asked, as no further explanation was given.

“Will told me you didn’t want children. He said he was okay with it, but what kind of alpha would deny an omega children?” Bill shook his head. “Will’s a bit too much like me; not one to show feelings, but it must have been killing him inside.”

Hannibal felt he should have seen this coming. Will was brutally honest with most people, but when it came to his father, and apparently Hannibal as well, he preferred to avoid the topic altogether rather than hurting their feelings. “Am I correct in my assumption that part of your resentment for me stems from this?”

“Some of it,” he said, solemnly. “Most of it from the pretentiousness,” he then added, more mean spirited.

“Will is no old fashioned omega, Bill. He is independent and can make his own decisions, and he does, frequently. If children was that important to him, he would have had one much sooner.”

Bill put down his utensils, and his expression and voice grew full of love and nostalgia. “But you didn’t see him growing up, how much love and nurturing is inside of him. It was like every time I left the house, I came home to find ten more animals. If it was injured or abandoned, Will would nurture it back to health and take care of it. It was like watching fucking Snow White.”

“Trust me, Bill, I’ve witnessed it,” Hannibal said, his voice also full of love he realized.

“Then how could you deny Will a child the way you did?”

“I’m not sure what Will told you, but I believe in your mind you have exaggerated my desire to not have children, and exaggerated Will’s desire to have them. I can assure you, I am truly happy about becoming a father.”

“What are you saying? That I’m making stuff up?”

He got defensive, and Hannibal got annoyed. “I’m just saying that Will not having children until now might stem from different reasons than you believe.” The tone was a little too snappy, and he was worried where this was going if Bill kept it up.

“What reasons would that be?”

“Perhaps a somewhat lacking father figure is what made Will apprehensive about taking on a parental role.” Hannibal immediately regretted saying it. It was certainly what he felt, and what he suspected was at least part of the reason for Will’s fears regarding parenting, but it wasn’t something he ever planned to bring up. It would appear the renowned pregnancy brain didn’t only affect the pregnant one.

“Excuse me?”

“Never mind, Bill. I apologize. We simply have different ideas on parenting.”

“And what are my ideas on parenting?”

How to make neglect not sound rude? “You simply encouraged more independence at a young age than I would.”

“And Will turned into a man you wanted to marry thanks to that. I don’t see the problem.”

“Can’t argue with that.” Unless one were to mention Will’s trust issues and his periods of borderline alcoholism. “I just hope that the way we raise our child won’t be a problem for you.”

“You raise your child however you want. You teach him to be a snob, and I’ll teach him to survive in this world.”

Hannibal forced a smile, as did Bill. “Will is taking a while. I should check up on him,” Hannibal said, not wanting to spend another second alone with Bill.

“I’ll do it. Wouldn’t want you getting vomit on your… Prada shoes, would we now.” Hannibal was too impressed that Bill even knew what Prada was to stop him.

###

Will stayed in the bathroom together with Winston for as long as he could. He heard no raised voices, which usually meant they kept their arguments as civil and hurtful as possible, but at the moment, Will couldn’t care less about their alpha bravado. The problem was the well of emotions inside him that seemed to have clogged up and was no longer allowing anything to release, though both tears and angry screams pressed beneath the surface. There was a firm knock on the door. “Will?” his father asked, and Will slowly raised himself off the floor and opened the door for him. Winston jumped up on Bill, happy to see a friend. The dog was disappointed when he only received a half-hearted pat on the head before being locked out of the room.

“What’s going on?” Will asked. He sat back down on the floor, leaning against the wall, and his father joined him.

“I need you in there. Your alpha and I… it’s a little tense without you as a buffer, and apparently I am uneducated and not fit for child rearing.”

Will couldn’t help but chuckle. “Dad, no offence… It’s a miracle I’m still alive.”

His father humphed. “I wasn’t that bad of a father, was I?”

“You had your good points and your bad, like all parents.” His father in particular might have had a few more bad points than most.

“At least Hannibal came around on this whole baby thing. One less thing to hate him for.”

Knowing this was coming sooner or later, Will sighed. “Dad… I kind of lied about that. Hannibal really wanted a child. I didn’t.”

“What are you talking about?” His expression so utterly confused and just a little hurt made Will’s chest tighten. “What kind of omega doesn’t want to have children?”

“The kind that stole beer and drank it behind the shed with their friends?” Will smiled but didn’t receive one in return. “You know what,” he said with a groan as he rubbed his eyes. “You can be as angry as you want, but I have more important shit to worry about right now, so be angry by yourself.”

“Will, why would you lie to me about that?”

“Because I could see how much you wanted a grandchild. I didn’t want to be the reason for one of your dreams breaking. Do you know how you look around my cousin and his kids? How you look at me after you’ve played with them? It breaks my heart.”

“So you’re having this child for Hannibal?” There he went again, preparing to be angry with the man he considered undeserving of Will.

“It was an accident. I had no intention for this to happen.” He refrained from mentioning the plan to abort the child. That might be too much for the old man.

“Okay,” he said while nodding thoughtfully. “And how do you feel now?”

“Scared I won’t love it. Angry with it for making me sick and for inconveniencing every part of my life. Unable to feel excitement for the future.”

“Well,” Bill said and exhaled. “Shit.”

He wrapped his hand around Will’s and they sat without exchanging a word. His father’s “shit” somehow far more genuine to him than any well-meaning words of comfort he had heard from others.

Out of all the feelings inside of him, the stupid tears won in the end, but his father only squeezed his hand a little harder. It was all the comfort he needed.

###

After the cold dinner had been consumed in silence and his father had left, Will went to bed early. Usually not something he was capable of, but this was yet another inconvenience apparently. Before he fell asleep, Hannibal entered the room and leaned against the doorframe for some time, just looking at Will. “You want to talk about something?” Will asked.

“I want to apologize for not getting along with your father.”

“From the day I met you, I knew you would hate each other.” He sat up slightly to get a better look at him. “I’m not even exaggerating. When you came into Jack’s office and introduced yourself, the first thing that popped into my head was that my father would hate this guy.”

Hannibal chuckled softly. “Especially when you lie about me.”

Will groaned. “I’m going to tell you what I told my dad. People lie, I lie, grow up and sulk somewhere else.”

“You should not lie to me. Hurt my feelings all you want, but don’t lie.”

Will nodded and wished he was alone in his old house in Wolf Trap, with only a pack of dogs at his side for company. But as Hannibal lied down next to him and he could feel his scent, Will regretted the feeling immediately, because he had never been as happy as when he was with him.

“This is why I don’t like people,” Will mumbled sleepily.

“How so?”

“Because why in the world should their happiness be dependent on me. Dogs are easier. They love you no matter what kind of person you are, and you can’t hurt their feelings.”

“They are a bit lacking as companions in other areas though. For starters, they are not very good at holding up their end of a conversation. Nor can they make love to you. Not legally anyway.”

“Fair point,” Will laughed. Disregarding that Hannibal was still dressed and not ready for bed, he snuggled up against his alpha and would not let him go. “Okay, I won’t lie to you anymore,” he whispered as to not wake himself. “But I’m too tired to think of any lies I might have told right now.”

“We can deal with them as they come up.”

“Also, what counts as a lie? Can I still omit certain facts, or…”

As he chuckled evilly, Hannibal wrestled Will into his lap and playfully bit his neck; tickling more than hurting and making Will laugh. “Shit,” Will said, out of breath but still smiling when Hannibal finally let him go.

“What’s wrong?”

“Karma. I have to throw up.” Hannibal chuckled and patted Will on the back as he got up to the bathroom to say goodbye to Hannibal’s dinner.

Chapter End Notes

There is something really weird/funny/nice/awkward about writing a man announcing his pregnancy to his father...

With that said, I am both really happy with, but also super unhappy with how this chapter turned out. Funny how that works. I wish I had more time to dedicate to this story, but as the Netherlands are stupid and have exams AFTER Christmas (who does that?!?!?!) I'm stuck studying most of the time. I think I will go through the whole story and rewrite some parts after my exam period (so if something about my writing is bothering you, let me know. I'm serious! I can't take a compliment, but absorb criticism like a sponge). The next two chapters are more or less done, so I will probably/hopefully spend some time on them when I need a break from studying.

Thank you for all the lovely comments and feedback on this story. I thought it was too silly, so I'm glad people like it. And feel free to give me pregnant Will prompts. I want to keep this story going too, and I only have 9 more full chapters and some mini-chapters planned.

The Party - Week 13

Chapter Notes

> I imagine Jeremy as Nikolaj Coster-Waldau... just saying. Also, this chapter was finished at 2 am, so expect mistakes... I will correct them in a few days, but right now I am my-own-writing-blind anyway.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

While inspecting himself in their full-length mirror, Will turned to his side, looked down at his belly and frowned. “I look fat,” he said and tugged at his black, expensive suit he had hoped would hide his bump, but instead seemed to accentuate it.

“You look pregnant,” Hannibal replied without looking, and kissed Will on the cheek while on his way to the other side of the room. “Did you see where I put my tie?”

The blatant dismissal had Will pouting, but Hannibal didn’t seem to notice that either. “On the ottoman,” Will said at last, hoping maybe Hannibal’s attention could go elsewhere when he had his precious tie.

“Ah, thank you.” Hannibal picked it up and stood next to Will before the mirror as he put it on. He glanced at Will, who then finally realized he was still pouting, but made no change to his expression. “You look absolutely stunning,” Hannibal said, adding to his earlier comment.

Will hummed with discontent. Too little too late. “I changed my mind. I don’t want to go.”

“How come, dear? If it’s because of how you look, I assure you I’m telling the truth. You look beautiful and radiant. You are a living work of art, a masterpiece, and no one will be able to take their eyes off of you.”

He looked down slightly to cover up the blush on his face, both from being flattered and embarrassed. Only Hannibal could say such ridiculous things with a straight face. Will carefully ran his hand through his hair that was both gelled and combed for a change; the curls no longer falling every which way. He could agree that the chest up looked okay, but the paunch on his stomach still bothered him. The belly was bigger than what Will assumed it would at this point, and nightmares of twins entered his mind. Though the more likely reason was that Hannibal appeared to be fattening him up lately. He wanted to make some kind of argument as to why he shouldn’t go, or fake illness maybe. But before he could, Hannibal had finished getting dressed and swooped him away and out the door.

The party in mention was a charity ball. A bunch of rich people using orphanages in India as an excuse to dress up and drink wine. Charity for all the wrong reasons and Will was in the middle of it. The ball was in a large, old, banquet hall in the middle of the city. The tables were around the stage, with an orchestra dressed in white suits playing instruments before the

auction and entertainment began, and room to dance at the end of the large hall. It was beautiful and vast, with high ceilings with intricate details carved in the white painted cornices. They had been there a few times before, and each time, Hannibal had commented on how dreadful it was that they painted over the original woodwork. He stayed quiet this time, but Will looked at his mate as he entered and saw Hannibal looking up with an angry frown. “Even when I don’t feel fat, I hate it here,” he whispered to Hannibal, distracting him to not receive another lecture on preservation of art. “All these pretentious people dolled up to the point you can’t even see what they look like anymore.”

“There is an art to pretension,” Hannibal smirked. “The money and the hours of precise care to look like someone else, something else, is admirable.”

“One way to look at it,” Will chuckled.

“Hannibal! Will!” Will shrunk at the sound of her voice. Stacy Colehaven. The most annoying and gossipy woman Will had ever had the displeasure of meeting and she was headed right for them. She was a woman in her sixties, who had nosiness to share far beyond just her own family. Apparently she had spent countless hours attempting to set Hannibal up with several omegas before he found Will. It wouldn’t surprise him if Hannibal married him for the sole reason of getting rid of her.

As she walked up to them, she stopped dead in her tracks and gasped theatrically. “Will Graham-Lecter,” she said. She reached out her arms and headed straight for the belly before either of them could react. “You’re glowing my beautiful boy!” she said, in what to her was a normal tone but to others was shrieking.

Hannibal took her hands off of Will to kiss them, always the charmer. “We are very happy,” he said and her smiled nearly split her face.

“When are you due?” she asked Will, for a change almost ignoring Hannibal when it was usually his attention she craved.

“Mid-March,” he told her, though he wasn’t too keen on her knowing. A picture of her poking in through the hospital room door in the middle of labor popped into his head. Before they could stop her, she had waved several of her and Hannibal’s friends over. And although his rational mind told him it was only about five additional people, it felt like he was being surrounded by hundreds, gawked at like a famous statue in a museum.

“Do you know the gender and dynamic yet?” Stacy asked and inspected Will’s stomach like she could tell from looking at him.

“Still too early, I’m afraid,” Hannibal said with a practiced smile, with just a hint of legitimate pride coming through. “We should know by the next ultrasound.” He pulled Will close and kissed his cheek. Will was certain the expression on his face was that of dread, but the immediate comments were that he was glowing and had never looked happier.

When the events began, Will swiftly exited the room with the excuse of being a little queasy. The baby being an amazing excuse to get out of everything almost made the chronic general physical uncomfortableness worth it. He soon found himself on the balcony, which he knew

exactly where was located from hiding away there on several occasions, and was soon staring down from the fifth floor to the street below him. When nothing else of interest happened, he began pretending to mash the tiny ant people between his fingers.

“Will Fucking Graham,” he heard someone say behind him. The voice was familiar, as was the Louisiana accent, but Will couldn’t quite place it until he turned around and saw the man. He instantly wanted to groan. Loudly. For minutes. But having been too influenced by Hannibal, felt too polite to do so.

“Jeremy,” he said to the alpha. A tall blond man, which made Will suspect he might have a type, with a face that was chiseled and distinct, though softer than Hannibal’s and with a more mainstream handsome look. “Surprised to see you here,” he continued as the alpha approached him.

“I’m disappointed,” was the first words that came out of his mouth.

Will leaned against the cast iron railing and put on a polite smile. “How so?”

“I saw you from a distance and thought, at the very least, the man who broke my heart got a little chubby.” Jeremy looked down at the protruding belly. “But no, you’re pregnant.”

Pregnant and with half a mind to throw him over the railing for calling him chubby. “I am,” Will said and forced a smile. “It’s what happens sometimes.”

“True.” He took a long step closer to Will, and he could practically smell the possessive alpha pheromones coming from him. “I just never thought that it would happen to you.” He reached out a hand, but Will moved out of the way, dismissing it quickly. “When I tried to bond with you, you kicked me in the nuts and dislocated my shoulder.”

Whatever politeness he had managed to muster up was gone now, and he growled. “You tried to bite my neck without my permission.” As Jeremy only smirked at his anger, Will composed himself, opting instead for a smirk. “Any sensible omega would have done the same.”

“Any sensible omega would have allowed it after being together for two years.”

Yes, the smirk worked. “Our definitions of together differ,” Will said smugly.

He almost felt bad about the situation. Almost, because he had never lied or kept anything from the alpha, when it came to his actions and feelings. His actions being sleeping around with betas when Jeremy was away on business, which he often was, and his feelings was panicking at the thought of commitment. It was back in his college days, and he truly only had been with Jeremy, who was a bit older and working at a large company, because sex with an alpha was amazing. Jeremy on the other hand, had apparently fallen in love, and expected that if only he got to bond with Will, he could keep him to himself. Will had disagreed. And it wouldn’t surprise Will if Jeremy might have trouble reproducing.

“You’re still beautiful, you know. Maybe even more so than back then,” he said and raised his hand to caress his cheek again, but Will slapped the hand away.

“I need to get back,” he explained and started for the large glass doors.

“To your alpha?”

“To the events,” he said, wishing he wasn’t so defiant about hiding behind Hannibal, because it sure would make it easier when he was met with persistent alphas. “I’ll see you around,” he said as he entered the building, really hoping he wouldn’t see him around.

Out of habit, he quickly headed for the bar, but kicked himself when he realized that was a fruitless journey. He passed a man with a glass of whiskey and reveled in the scent. That’s when he saw Hannibal with a glass of wine, seemingly having been caught by a group of people and was excitedly talking about something or other. Will smiled relieved, needing a comforting embrace as much as he hated to admit it, but then the people surrounding his alpha moved elsewhere, revealing him. Him being Anthony Fucking Dimmond. A handsome omega with silver hair who spoke solely in poetry, which Will despised but Hannibal was into. They had met him after Hannibal and Will had started dating, but before they had bonded. Hannibal had assured him Will was the only one for him, and after sexing the English out of his lover, he managed to assure himself as well. But in his pregnant and emotional state, the anger was hard to contain. Especially when he could smell the wonderful scent of fertility and preheat coming from the man even from where he stood.

“Will!” Jeremy called out, and Will turned to face him with a pleasant smile.

“Now what?” he said, playfully angry with none of his usual disdain.

Jeremy was clearly surprised, but still pleased by the change in Will’s disposition. “I wanted to catch up. Last time I heard from you, you were leaving Louisiana. It wasn’t because of me that you left, right?”

Will had to stop himself from laughing in the poor alphas face. “No,” he said, solemnly. “I just wanted to get out of Louisiana for a bit. Travel and all that. I studied in Europe for some time, and then I became a professor of psychology about eight years ago.” Jeremy was nodding impatiently. This was not what he wanted to know about.

“And your alpha? When did you meet him?” He was direct. He had to give him that.

“Six years ago. We’ve been bonded for five years.”

“It only took him one year to get you to bond with him?” he snickered, obviously butthurt. “An impressive feat. He must be amazing.”

Will looked over at Hannibal, catching his mate’s eye at last. The clearly interested alpha was enough to distract him from the omega he was talking to, and the polite smile was starting to look more like a snarl as he and Dimmond approached them. “Will, who is this?” he said and put his arm around him in a protective and very alpha-like manner.

“Jeremy.” Will said and found himself leaning into the embrace in a sickeningly omega-like manner. “We knew each other back when I went to college. Anthony, hello, how are you?” Will directed his attention towards Anthony, mostly to piss Hannibal off.

“Will, you look astonishing. Positively radiant,” Anthony said with a big smile and kissed Will’s cheek, blissfully unaware that he was caught in the crossfire of Will and Hannibal’s jealousy. “Congratulations,” he concluded, then his eyes began to dart between all three of them, waiting for someone else to speak.

“Thank you, Anthony,” Will said.

“You were a friend of Will’s from university?” Anthony asked Jeremy.

Jeremy bit his lip, and struggled to give Anthony just the least amount of polite attention possible. “No, I was his boyfriend for two years.”

“Two years?” Anthony asked with wide eyes. “And you didn’t bond? Incredible.”

“Indeed,” Hannibal added and practically guzzled down his wine. Unusual for him.

“Boyfriend is an exaggeration,” Will said and longed for the glass in Anthony’s hand, and he didn’t even like wine. Hannibal was not smiling anymore, which was exactly why he hadn’t said anything about Jeremy before. Hannibal hadn’t minded the betas he had slept with, but Will knew another alpha would put his mind in a frenzy. He was sure Hannibal would get over it at some point, but both because Will would rather forget Jeremy altogether and couldn’t be bothered to deal with a jealous alpha (at that time), he had omitted it. And now Will realized he might have made a mistake. A couple of mistakes, actually. Seeing Hannibal drooling over the other omega while Will was feeling fat and moody had made him want revenge, but he hadn’t taken into account the pissing contest he logically knew would follow.

“You are a peculiar omega, Will,” Anthony sighed. “How enjoyable it would be to pick your brain.” Will frowned at that.

“And what did this alpha do to win you over?” Jeremy asked, quite loudly, to gain Will’s attention again.

“I simply loved and appreciated him for who he was,” Hannibal said as Will was just about to open his mouth. “Not everyone is capable of providing such a basic need for their partner, unfortunately.”

Jeremy snarled smugly. “For Will to have stuck out with me for as long as he did, I must have been pretty good at something.”

“Yet not good enough to make him stay.”

A simultaneous, silent, “fucking alphas” sigh escaped from both Will and Anthony, and Will suddenly found himself not hating the other omega that much anymore.

While the two alphas were busy glaring, Will became aware of the orchestra playing and people leaving their seats to dance. Will grabbed Hannibal’s hand and held it up. “Hannibal, why don’t we dance for a bit? Then we can continue this conversation later. Anthony. Jeremy. Have a few drinks on us.”

Hannibal seemed to consider the situation, and deeming that there were too many people whose opinion somewhat mattered to him there, he put on a smile and led Will out to the dancefloor, nodding goodbye to Jeremy and Anthony as they walked away.

After several years with Hannibal, Will had become a competent dancer despite his reluctance. They put their hands in the proper places and moved their feet in perfect synchrony to the waltz played by the orchestra, all while glaring angrily at each other. “Why would you not tell me you were once with another alpha?” Hannibal asked.

“I don’t know,” Will snapped. “Why do you think it’s okay to drool over another omega while your mate is pregnant?”

“I wasn’t drooling. I was having a conversation. I didn’t realize I wasn’t allowed.” He spun Will around and then spun him back again. “That you omitted telling me about an alpha you were practically mated with seems to be a worse offence.”

“We were not practically mated!” Hannibal dipped him elegantly and brought him up again just as suavely. “I used him for sex and cheated on him multiple times. Then he tried to bond with me against my will and I-”

“He tried to bond with you against your will?” Hannibal growled and his grip tensed.

“Relax. Seriously, you alphas are so fragile,” Will groaned. “He tried to bond with me, but I sent him to the hospital, and I will be surprised if he’s even fertile anymore.”

Hannibal sighed, a little more relaxed now. “You don’t like babies. You pretended I was the reason we didn’t have a baby. You once was with an alpha. Anything else you would like to tell me? These revelations aren’t good for my heart.”

“If I think of something, I’ll let you know. But the big ones are all out of the bag. Your heart is safe.”

The grip on Will was still tight as Hannibal scanned the room for the other alpha, but Will decided to take things into his own hands instead. “Come with me,” he whispered and they discreetly danced their way off the dance floor towards the bathrooms.

A benefit of going to fancy balls was the bathrooms were always unnecessarily lavish. This building practically gave them their own private room. They snuck into the empty omega bathroom, ran along the gold sinks and marble counters and found a room at the very end. They locked themselves in and Will latched onto Hannibal’s lips and was pushed up against the pinkish beige marble walls in response. His suit slacks quickly fell to his ankles. After inspecting the possibilities of the room with Hannibal’s tongue still in his mouth, he kicked the trousers off completely over his shoes, and pushed Hannibal towards the toilet. The lid was thrown down and Will sat Hannibal on it, then straddled him.

The mood for this had struck so rarely as of late, but apparently, all they needed was a little spat to get them going again. Hannibal put his hands on Will’s chest and began unbuttoning his shirt from the top. There was a pit in Will’s stomach as the first button unfastened. He didn’t want Hannibal to see the top part of him undressed, didn’t want to see himself, or feel

that insecurity. Not when he was this into it. To stop him, he removed Hannibal's tie. The curiosity made Hannibal stop what he was doing, and the only resistance he put up when Will tied his hands together was a small hum. To lock him down properly, he moved in between the tied hands, putting them underneath his arms, where they could do no damage. Getting tied up wasn't new to them, but it was usually Will strapped to the bedposts. In sex was the only time Will liked giving up control. However, he wasn't about to give it up tonight.

As someone walked into the bathroom and past their door, Hannibal went still and Will grinned. While Hannibal was distracted, Will unzipped his trousers and pulled out the stiffening cock. Hannibal glared, daring him to continue while there were still someone out there. More people entered, and a polite, awkward conversation was happening right outside their door. Not that Will could be bothered listening to what they were saying. In the huge bathroom, they were still quite a bit away. With a light touch, Will ran his finger up Hannibal's uncut cock. Hannibal tried to move his arms out of the ties, but was unable to, making Will chuckle silently.

Though not normally an exhibitionist, though he had to admit to having his share of kinks, he was turned on beyond belief and his slick was about to stain Hannibal's trousers soon. He stood up and positioned his hole right above Hannibal's length. If only he lowered himself a little, his lover would penetrate him. The people standing outside their door left at last, and Hannibal breathed relieved, but tensed again as Will suddenly sat. It was tight, as he was unprepared and tense with arousal, and both gritted their teeth to not make a sound.

Once he got used to the wonderful sensation of being filled, Will began to move his hips slowly up and down on Hannibal's shaft, though he had no intention of dragging this out, nor actually get caught. The alpha was biting his lips to keep any odd breathing as quiet as possible, and Will was making it difficult by swirling his hips in the way he knew his alpha liked. The alpha bucked his hips upwards, hitting the spot, and now Will was the one struggling staying quiet. While Will was momentarily distracted with pleasure as his lover continued to pound him, Hannibal once again tried to free himself, but Will caught on, raising himself so that only the tip of Hannibal's cock was still inside him. He began to unbutton Hannibal's shirt, just enough to reveal the magnificent jungle of soft chest hair and his dark stiff nipples.

He slowly ran both hands with spread fingers across the chest. His eyes were locked with Hannibal's; both curious about what the other would do next. Will hunched over further. Hannibal followed him with his eyes until Will began kissing the alpha's neck and ear. Hannibal's weak spots. When the alpha let out a soft growl of pleasure, Will pushed himself down to the hilt of Hannibal's cock, causing Hannibal to bite down on Will's collarbone through the shirt. Will's thrusting grew more rapid, and they ignored that the moist sound of Hannibal's cock repeatedly going inside him could be heard clearly.

That Hannibal suddenly became unusually compliant should have clued him in. Alphas didn't like being on the bottom for too long. Not when their arousal became too powerful and their instincts to dominate took over. Somehow he had managed to untie his tie. Will was too out of practice.

Hannibal ripped open Will's shirt, lifted him up and pushed him up against the wall still facing him and holding him up by the legs. He thrusted into him fast and near desperately, and Will pushed Hannibal's head closer to keep them quiet with each other's lips. As Hannibal pressed himself closer, trapping Will's trembling cock between their stomach's, the pleasure became too much. Will's semen splattered on their bodies, and he held himself up on Hannibal's shoulders while groaning into Hannibal's mouth, and the alpha continued to slam his cock into him. Lithuanian words of passion escaped with his thrust, and at least Will had done what he set out to do. As Hannibal orgasmed inside him at the pressure of his lover clenching in pleasure, Will orgasmed a second time, even harder this time. Hannibal put his hand over Will's mouth, keeping the moans from reaching too far. But Will could tell by the smug look on his face the sounds Will was making made him happy.

He kept Will up against the wall as he slipped out of him. A stream of semen came out and pooled on the floor as he did. With a deep inhale through his mouth to catch his breath, Hannibal let Will go as their arousal passed, and he walked to get some tissue. As he too was more clear-headed now, Will quickly started buttoning his shirt again. It seemed Hannibal didn't notice how fast Will was to cover himself, as he handed Will his slacks and underwear before dropping the tissue on the semen and wiping it half-heartedly with his foot. "Been awhile since we did that in a public bathroom," Will sighed.

"It sure has," Hannibal said with a grin. "Too bad it was caused by jealousy on both our ends." For a moment, Hannibal considered bending down to pick the tissue up, but apparently thought better of it and pushed it behind the toilet and out of sight. How very rude of him. "It's not like you to be jealous." His attention was now fully on Will, and there was too many emotions of love and despair for Will to keep eye contact.

"You neither," he said, having not much else to say.

Hannibal sighed. "I know. I think the little one has already caused some changes in our relationship." He smiled then, kindly and proudly, and looked down as if he could see the little one in mention.

The attention to his stomach made him feel bad and he put his arms around it. "I don't feel as confident in myself as I used to."

Hannibal pouted and kissed Will's lips quickly and playfully. "You look as stunning as always. Beautiful as nothing else in this world."

Will snickered and turned away to hide his blushing face. "Let's go back out there." They hurried to get their clothes back on and groomed each other's hair to look presentable again. Just as they opened the door and peeked out to check if the coast was clear, another door opened to do the same. While Will and Hannibal could always use the excuse that they were in the same bathroom because Will was feeling ill, Will doubted Jeremy and Anthony had the same excuse.

"Hi," a disheveled Anthony said politely while fumbling with his dress jacket's buttons.

"Hi," Will replied, and the two alphas gave each other nods of acknowledgement. "See you," Will said quickly, not able to bare the awkwardness, and grabbed Hannibal by the arm and

pulled him out of the bathroom.

“Interesting development.” Hannibal moved gently out of Will’s grip, instead moving to hold his hands and leading him out on the dancefloor. “No reason for jealousy anymore.”

“Think they can stand to live without us?” Will smirked.

“It will be difficult…” They watched the two of them walk out of the bathrooms, holding hands while smiling awkwardly at each other before moving towards the bar. Jeremy a little perplexed still, but Anthony was smiling happily. “But I think they will manage somehow.”

Will and Hannibal began to dance again, sometimes glancing at what appeared to be the forming of a couple. Will found himself quite happy for Anthony, who as it turned out, couldn’t have been particularly interested in Hannibal, if at all, if he was that infatuated with Jeremy this quickly. Suddenly, Hannibal tugged at him, to show him he wanted his attention. “How come you never told me you were with another alpha?” Hannibal asked silently.

“Because you are an alpha,” Will stated matter-of-factly.

“Well, we would take what you have been keeping from me as they come, wasn’t that right? So, were there more alphas that you have slept with?”

Will thought for a moment, hoping he wasn’t unintentionally omitting any facts this time. “Just one,” he concluded at last. “When I was fifteen.”

Hannibal was visibly taken aback, and Will realized he had managed to omit this in conversation as well. He really had a problem. “You lost your virginity when you were fifteen?”

“No,” he answered lightly.

Content with Hannibal’s speechless expression, Will rested against his husband’s shoulder and let him lead their dance. As it turned out, the night wasn’t as bad as he thought it would be.

Chapter End Notes

I am back BITCHES! I have been so busy these last couple of months, and I finally had some time to sit down and write on this story this week. And of course I chose to ignore this chapter and write a ton on every other chapter instead (seriously, I have started on every single planned chapter). Anyway, I have finished all of my exams, moved to a different country, and tomorrow school starts again, but hopefully it won't be too busy at first.

Mini-Chapter: The Blowjob

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal left the ensuite and came to bed not wearing a shirt. That usually meant he wanted something in particular, and what with it being Valentine's day (albeit a rather unremarkable and rather unromantic one) it wasn't hard to figure out that that something was.

Under normal circumstances, Will was not one to deny him that something, as he was up for it even more often than Hannibal was. But as his husband's hands began to wander and nothing stirred in response, and the normal quiet moan of pleasure was replaced by a not-so-quiet groan, Will realized the day had finally come where he would refuse sex. "Not up for it?" Hannibal asked, and Will nodded with a defeated sigh.

They had yet to encounter this situation since the pregnancy. If Will was not in the mood, it was usually do to obvious reasons he would have complained about all day, like nausea and heartburn or bloating, and Hannibal wouldn't ask for anything in the first place. But today none of those things had occurred. Will was just not in the mood. "Sorry," Will said, after a slight pause, seeing if he could muster up some desire after all but failed.

"Don't apologize." He pressed a smiling kiss to Will's cheek and put his arms around him for snuggle reasons only. "Sometimes you won't be in the mood. That's fine regardless of whether or not you are pregnant."

"Just not used to not being in the mood," Will said and pouted sleepily, and received another kiss.

Hannibal also closed his eyes, but Will did feel a stab of guilt anyway. Hannibal was so patient and kind, even if his hormones didn't always agree. The least he could do was give him some pleasure. And so Will turned in Hannibal's embrace to face him, then kissed his lips, then his neck, chest, nipple, belly, the trail of hair leading into his underwear.

"You don't have to," Hannibal said, but by the way he said, it really didn't seem like he wanted Will to stop.

"I want to," Will reassured him as the underwear was pulled down, revealing his stiffening cock. "Oh, has nobody been taking care of you?" he asked it, and Hannibal laughed, but stroked Will's hair to subtly push his lips closer. The uncut penis was growing by the second, and Will spent a second enjoying that it didn't take more than being close to him to get such a reaction. He teasingly kissed the balls, then the base, very slowly moving upwards towards the tip. Almost pained moans from Hannibal confirmed he actions were having the desired effect. Or at least Will's desired effect, which was mild pleasure torture.

After licking the precum from the tip and letting the slicked tongue circle the head a few times, he moved his head down and enveloped his whole length in his mouth. It made made

Hannibal gasp and arch his back upwards, though Will took note that Hannibal was more gentle on his throat than he usually would be.

Once he was used to the size in his mouth and throat, he began to bob his head up and down, while using his fingers to play with his balls and comb through the soft pubic hair. Hannibal's breathing became more rapid, and he grasped and gently scratched Will's neck and back, satisfying his desire to touch him as well, even if he wasn't giving him sexual pleasure. Just being touched so lovingly made Will practically purr with enjoyment, however.

As both Hannibal and the cock began to tense, Will knew he was close. He tightened his lips around the cock, and with a final moan and thrust, Hannibal came inside his mouth.

Normally Will would swallow, and quite enjoyed the taste of his alpha's sperm. But this time, he hurried back to the pillow end of the bed and drank from the glass of water on the nightstand, let it swirl around his mouth, and spat it back out along with the sperm.
"Something wrong?" Hannibal asked, sounding a little insulted that Will hadn't swallowed.

"A thought just suddenly occurred to me," Will explained, and Hannibal raised his eyebrow. "That the baby ingests everything I eat, and there was something really creepy about that."

Hannibal was still for a moment, just looking at him expressionlessly, then he groaned and lied down to sleep. "Why would you ruin blowjobs for me, Will?"

Will chuckled and kissed his alpha playfully on the cheek before he too put his head on the pillow to rest. "Happy Valentine's day."

Chapter End Notes

That I haven't published the actual chapter is honestly just pure laziness... It's literally done. I just want to look through it one last time, and I just can't be bothered. Instead I wrote this from scratch in 30 min hoping it would keep you happy until tomorrow (and I didn't even get it out in time). Anyway, watched Deadpool on Valentine's day. Really good! Everyone go see it!

The Babysitters - Week 15

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The evening was pleasant for the most parts. The dinner Hannibal had prepared was heavenly as always, and the company of Alana and her alpha Margot was delightful. It was unconventional to invite your doctor over for dinner, and Will had feared some awkwardness as a result, but everyone had hit it off wonderfully. Margot and Hannibal surprisingly so. The two alphas appeared to have a lot in common, and the wealthy female alpha was one of the few people Will had met that looked perfectly at home and comfortable among Hannibal's antiques. And Alana and Will were being silly and having fun sitting across from each other at the table, ignoring the two alphas.

The only thing ruining an otherwise pleasant evening was THOSE two. Peter and Liam Verger-Bloom. Two little immaculately dressed boys with dark brown hair and Alana's blue eyes. They were supposed to be with a babysitter, but as it turned out, Margot had recently caught their previous hired babysitter stealing, and in typical alpha fashion, had grown distrustful of all of them. In typical alpha fashion, Hannibal had completely agreed with her, and told them to bring the kids.

Liam, the little one, was fair enough. At the age of four, he didn't cause much trouble besides somehow mumbling very loudly, and at one point threw a tantrum because Hannibal had the audacity to put the vegetables on the wrong side of the plate. The other one, Peter, was much, much worse. As only three fit on each side of the table, and little Liam had to sit between his mothers, seven year old Peter had ended up next to Will. The frequent topics of Star Wars and his Pokemon team, though a pain, was certainly preferable to what he did when he was quiet. He stared. A lot. Like constantly. And made Will feel more awkwardness than he could fathom.

"Mr. Graham," the boy said suddenly, but quietly, attempting to make sure nobody else heard him speak. Although she pretended not to notice, the boy caught the attention of Alana as well. She sipped at her drink and looked towards Margot and Hannibal, pretending to listen to them. "Are you really pregnant?" he asked, even more quietly, forcing Will to bend down to hear the boy.

"Yes, I am."

The boy's eyes grew wide and he took a deep breath as if to calm himself. Then he put on a polite expression and smiled. "When will the baby come out?"

"In March, unless it has other plans." Will looked to Alana, but she was only smiling and still pretending not to hear anything. Apparently, her son's odd conversation with him was amusing her. "Why do you ask?"

"No reason…" The boy trailed off, and his eyes darted between Will's face and his belly. "Dr. Lecter is the father?"

“Probably.” He received a gentle kick in the leg from Alana. “Yes, of course, he is.”

The boy nodded in understanding and looked down at his plate. “I also want to be a doctor when I grow up,” he continued. “Maybe a surgeon.”

“Hannibal used to be a surgeon,” Will said, for some reason desperate to keep the conversation going as if the boy was an adult he was forced to make pleasantries with to keep things from getting awkward. “Then he became a psychologist instead.”

Peter looked at Hannibal, pointing up his nose in a displeased way as he did. “Did you like him better as a psychologist or surgeon?”

“Um…” Will looked up and was happy even Alana appeared a little confused at that question. “I didn’t know him when he was a surgeon, so I’m not sure.”

The boy nodded again, and judging by his narrowing eyes and folded hands, he was now a villain cooking up a plan. “What do you two think of that?” Margot suddenly asked and both Will and Alana spun their head towards her, having forgotten the two alphas were even still at the table.

“About what, dear?” Alana asked her wife and took her hand, holding it over little Liam.

Hannibal answered. “That Will and I babysit Peter and Liam tomorrow when you go to the conference.”

Alana turned to Will, and her expression grew concerned, yet understanding, as she recognized the panic in his eyes, and told Hannibal, “That sounds like a great idea.” The traitor. “You should be around more kids now that you’re having one,” Alana said, mostly to Will.

“I think it’s a good idea!” Peter chimed in. “Don’t worry Mr. Graham. I will be on my best behavior, and so will Liam. Right Liam?” The little boy was too busy slowly chewing a carrot to respond, but Peter gave Will a thumbs up and a confident smile regardless.

###

Once Hannibal had finished cleaning all the dishes from the dinner, he returned whistling to the living-room, but was rather shocked to see Will sitting there in the dark with a whiskey glass in his hand. “Will, are you drinking?” he asked, his tone somewhere between angry and shocked.

Will slowly looked his way and flinched as Hannibal turned on the ceiling light. “Don’t worry!” Will groaned. He was splayed out with his bare feet on the coffee table (a bad habit Hannibal had given up correcting) and his upper body sunken into the soft pillows. His evening suit had been swiftly replaced with a t-shirt and sweatpants. “I’m just pretending to.” He held up a carton of apple juice to prove his point. Hannibal sat down next to him and put

his arms around the omega, pulling him up slightly in the process, forcing his feet down to the floor.

His omega looked tired, with droopy eyes and an expressionless face; no energy to move any face muscles. “Can I take it you are apprehensive about tomorrow?” Hannibal asked.

“Why would you say that?” he asked sarcastically and took another sip of his fake whiskey.

Even though its contents were harmless, Hannibal didn’t appreciate the sight of Will with a whiskey glass, and took it from him and put it on the table. “You didn’t look too pleased during dinner,” he explained when the glass was comfortably out of sight.

Will sighed and forced himself to liven up a bit. “If you must know, I’m going through all the potential things that could go wrong that would make Alana hate me.” He looked up, thinking, and held up a finger. “First of all, they could die.”

“I suspect that would make her hate you, yes.”

Will continued, putting up a finger for each item listed. “Or they could choke on something, or get kidnapped, or break their legs, electrocute themselves, drown themselves in the tub…”

“They sound awfully suicidal for being so young.”

“Or they could accuse us of molestation because we didn’t let them watch a horror movie…”

Hannibal decided then to interrupt his omega and put a finger to Will’s lips. Big blue eyes stared up at him, miffed and grateful at once for the interruption. “You may be worrying too much,” Hannibal said and put on a gentle smile, hoping it would bring comfort to his distressed lover.

“And the oldest one is creepy,” Will continued when his lips were released, though his pace had slowed down drastically. “Why is he staring so much all the time?” He was practically pouting at this point, and it was adorable.

Hannibal chuckled. “I believe young Peter is just a little infatuated with you. Can’t blame him, really.” He ran his fingers down the omega’s jaw, and truly meant what he said. Any alpha or beta would desire his beautiful mate.

“Ew.” Will’s face scrunched up. “I’m literally old enough to be his father. And I’m terrible with kids!” he exclaimed. “Why would he like me?” He settled properly against Hannibal again, still sleepy and pouting.

“Perhaps that’s is why,” Hannibal reasoned. “You don’t talk to him like he is a child.”

Will humphed. “From now on I am. Brats.” Will reached out and grabbed his ‘drink’ again, finished it and put it back out of sight before he closed his eyes and let his head slip from Hannibal’s shoulder to his chest. Hannibal was not complaining. “Let’s watch something on TV,” he mumbled into his shirt.

“Are you sure? It looks like you would rather be in bed,” Hannibal teased.

“Stupid hellspawn is making me tired.”

Hannibal ran his fingers up and down Will’s stomach and bent over to kiss his cheek. “I liked Peter and Liam. I hope our child is as polite and proper as them.”

“I’ve been thinking names.”

Both the change of topic and the topic itself surprised him. “Really?”

“Mmm,” Will hummed sleepily. “What about Bob?”

Hannibal frowned. The rather plebeian name practically left a bad taste in his mouth. “After my uncle Robert?” It was the only explanation he could think of. Will had never displayed such bad taste before.

“No,” Will said, turned up to him with a playful grin and continued. “After Beelzebub.” Hannibal groaned and moved his arm away from Will, his omega not deserving of cuddles. “Or if it’s a girl we could name her Lucy.”

Hannibal glared, but decided to take the bait out of curiosity. “Do I want to know?”

“Short for Lucifer.” Hannibal stood to walk away, but Will pulled him back down. “I’m just joking!” he said and locked Hannibal down in a tight embrace. “You can decide the name.”

“I think I better.” He looked into his omega’s eyes, and saw an abrupt dance of emotions he had never before seen in his beloved. He held him down tighter and combed gentle fingers through the dark curls. “Have you considered a psychiatrist?” Hannibal asked.

For a while, Will only fiddled with the buttons on Hannibal’s shirt. Though he did not respond, he also did not look hurt or displeased. “I don’t have postpartum depression just yet, but yes, I have considered it,” he finally said and looked up at his mate.

“What about Bedelia?”

He shrugged. “Let’s wait until after the next ultrasound. It will look more like a baby then, apparently. Maybe I will feel different.” He turned his gaze from Hannibal to his belly, and gave it a short pat.

Hannibal certainly hoped so. Will put on a brave face, but he could tell the pregnancy was making him nervous. And he wasn’t stupid, even if Will certainly could make him feel that way sometimes. He had been able to tell that Will hadn’t been excited about the prospect of pregnancy and parenthood, but lately he was beginning to understand just how bad it was. The sound of a generic late night talk show interrupted his thoughts, and he looked down at Will hugging the remote.

###

“You two behave now,” Alana told the two boys, quickly as she was rushed for time. Peter nodded eagerly and Liam picked his nose. “Peter, take care of your brother. Liam, listen to Mr. Graham and Dr. Lecter. Don’t go anywhere they tell you not to go!” Liam found the

booger he had been digging for and ate it. “Okay, these are my numbers and Margot’s numbers,” she said and handed them a post-it note cluttered with phone numbers. “This is the number of Margot’s assistants in case you can’t reach any of us. If Liam vanishes, don’t panic. He won’t go outside, he just really likes to hide. Ask Peter if you can’t find him at all. Thank you so much.” She bent down and kissed her two boys on the top of their heads. “Love you!” she said loudly, waved at Will and Hannibal, and exited the house.

Thus, they were left alone with the two alpha boys in the hallway. “So…” Will began, looking to Hannibal for assistance, but he seemed to be content letting Will control things. “Do you want to watch TV? We have Netflix.” Will’s voice was nearly trembling. To think these two little brats could render him this hopeless.

“I will do anything you want to do, Mr. Graham,” Peter said. While his little brother was more casual today, Peter had stepped it up a notch, and was wearing a nice shirt and matching vest and trousers, and had even swept his hair back. Like a little dark haired Hannibal. It would seem the little boy having a slight crush on him was true. “By the way, I wasn’t able to yesterday, as playing my 3DS while having dinner with you would be quite rude, but today, I thought I could show you my Pokemon team. I ev train them, so they are quite strong. It’s been months since I lost a battle. May I have the wifi password and I can show you.”

“Peter,” Hannibal said suddenly, and the little boy turned to him without the polite and sweet look on his face that he had when talking to Will.

“What is it Dr. Lecter?” he asked coldly.

“Where did your brother go?”

Will turned and found the little boy had indeed disappeared already. “How did he vanish like that? We didn’t even take our eyes off him.”

A small hand suddenly found its way to his and latched onto his fingers. “He does that. Don’t worry about it, Mr. Graham,” Peter explained with an exaggeratedly comforting expression. Will kind of wanted to pull his hand back, but not even he was so stone hearted he would crush a little boy’s fantasy. The boy’s eyes turned pleading and shy; any other omega would melt. Will felt somewhat uncomfortable. “May I call you Will?”

“Yeah, sure,” Will answered, pretending his disinterested tone stemmed from being distracted and curious about where Liam had gone. As Will felt relatively certain the youngest Verger-Bloom could not get into harm’s way anywhere, he didn’t care too strongly.

“You may call me Hannibal as well,” Hannibal said.

“That’s alright, Dr. Lecter,” Peter said bluntly. Hannibal looked a little hurt at the rejection, and while he doubted he would ever not be uncomfortable around him, that made him like the boy just a little bit more. “Will, I will find my brother. Then I will show you my skills in battle,” Peter said heroically. The boy stormed off, more likely in a hurry to impress Will than find his brother.

“Honestly, if he was like 30 years older…” Will trailed off with a grin on his face when he saw Hannibal’s exasperated expression. “What? I have feelings of not strong dislike towards a child. You should be happy.”

Hannibal was visibly conflicted. “Of course, but still…”

“Here he is!” Peter announced as he reentered the room, Liam in tow. He swiftly dumped his little brother with Hannibal before taking Will’s hand again. “So, wifi password?”

“Of course,” Will said and put on a smile he hoped didn’t look too strained. “Let’s sit in the living-room,” he said and brought the boy along, leaving Hannibal alone with Liam.

###

Will had completely forgotten about technology and how easily children became addicted to it. Suddenly parenting didn’t seem so scary. Buy the kid an ipad and you never had to interact with it again. Although Peter was talking excitedly while his giant blue sea monster creature beat some kind of bird-ish thing to a pulp, Will was even able to correct student papers, only occasionally adding a ‘wow’, ‘cool’, or ‘impressive’ to the conversation at appropriate times.

“Peter!” a gasping Hannibal called out as he entered the room. “How in the world does your brother disappear like he does?” The poor man looked exhausted, and if it wasn’t for the fact that it was him that had put them in this position in the first place, he might have felt sorry for him.

“Did you let him pee by himself?” Peter asked, barely removing his focus from the game.

Hannibal hesitated for a moment before answering. “Yes.”

“Rookie mistake. Don’t worry about, Dr. Lecter. Just put out some food for him and he’ll come out when mama and mommy- mother, returns.” Will had to fight a snicker. The boy clearly wanted to seem more mature than he was. Though seeing as he was playing Pokemon, was failing at it in Will’s opinion.

“Any idea where he could have gone?” Hannibal continued prodding, hoping for a more helpful answer.

“He was in your weird second kitchen before,” Peter responded, the game still his sole focus.

“That’s impossible! I locked it.”

Peter shook his head and tutted. “Locks are of no hindrance to him.”

Hannibal sighed and hurried off towards the kitchen. Will considered helping, but decided he’d rather stay with the easy, albeit slightly creepy, one. Said child suddenly put the game

system down and looked up at him with eyes of deep concern. “Does Dr. Lecter treat you right?” he asked and put both hands around Wills’.

“He does…” Will responded hesitantly, worried where this was going and regretting not going with Hannibal.

“Yet I saw him talk to you without mentioning how beautiful you are. How could that be?”

Will had to remind himself to ask what kind of romantic crap Alana and Margot was allowing this kid to watch. “That’s not normal,” he said, hoping the boy would understand the concept of normal. By the confused look on his face, he didn’t. “Maybe in the beginning you say crap like that, but when you’ve been bonded for a while, it’s just something you know and don’t have to say.”

“I would say it! Every day until I die.”

Will chuckled quietly out of pure discomfort. “I would die long before you. You know, what with me being almost 30 years older than you.”

The grasp on his hand tightened. “But I’m going to be a doctor, so I could keep you alive.” Peter’s eyes were wide and determined as he spoke.

“Please don’t.”

“To be pregnant, you must have gone into heat, right?” The boy scented the air around Will, making the omega scoot further away on the couch. “I bet you smell really good when you’re in heat.”

“Peter, let’s find Liam!” Will shot up from the couch, startling poor Winston who had slept comfortably on the other end until then. Insulted about being awoken, the dog left the room, heading for his bed in the hallway instead.

“He’ll be alright.”

“But we have a lot of weird stuff in our house that he might hurt himself on. I think it’s better that we look for him.” Will used the pleading eyes that always worked on Hannibal. They got to the kid even faster, and Peter nodded with understanding.

“Fine. Let’s find Liam.”

###

A new house. A new environment. A new adventure. A new land discovered first by Liam the explorer. An island in the ocean, full of treasures and mysteries. “Liam?” And new enemies. A tribe of cannibals with strange accents and plaid loin cloths. Swiftly, Liam hid in a dark, narrow cave, dripping with snake venom, as the dangerous tribe leader walked by him

with slow, silent steps. Once he had passed, he crept out from hiding. He had to act fast if he wanted to claim the treasure. He followed the cannibal to the hidden passageway, and spied on him from behind some palm trees. The cannibal picked up the magic medallion and put it away, in a secret chest on a tall cliff.

Then suddenly, the cannibal turned around and headed back towards him. Liam panicked and fled to a different room. No, not a room. A vulcano overflowing with lava. He jumped into the lava proof boat and paddled across the molting flames. Then a hairy dragon-like beast appeared out of the lava, prepared to attack and push him off the boat and into the fire. It howled a loud and piercing cry, its mouth agape.

“Liam, give the bed back to the dog!” Peter sighed and pulled his little brother out to let the whimpering dog lie down uninterrupted.

“Ah, another monster. It has taken me and I am burning in the lava!” Liam flailed his limbs as he was obviously in a lot of pain from the lava.

“Liam, I need you to keep Dr. Lecter preoccupied. Hide better!” his older brother demanded with a tight grip on his clothing, keeping him from flailing in pain.

“Okay,” he sighed, realizing his brother was not going to let this go. “You want to play with me?” he asked, as he had barely seen his brother all day.

Peter rolled his eyes. “No! I have more important things going on right now.”

“Like what?” Liam asked, insulted.

“Like making Will fall in love with me!”

Liam was physically repulsed by the notion. “Ew. Why would you want to fall in love? That’s yucky.” He made a gagging noise to demonstrate, still hoping his brother might decide to play with him instead if he was discouraged enough by love.

“When you are grown, you will understand,” Peter tutted, which always made him mad. “Now, can you please keep Dr. Lecter busy?” His older brother folded his hands in a prayer to him. Quite a pathetic sight.

Liam shrugged. “Sure.” He turned to the dog who perked its ears at the attention. “My trusted steed, Winston. Together we must assist in sir Peter’s noble quest for the prince’s hand and defeat the evil cannibal, before he sets loose his fire breathing dragon!”

“Do you even know what a cannibal is?”

“An guard!” he shouted and ran with a confused Winston following. He headed for the secret layer once again, now unguarded. With the stealth of a tiger, he snuck up on the secret chest, placed too high for him to reach. “My noble steed. Down!”

The dog lied down at his feet and he gently stepped up on his back, careful not to put too much weight on the dog, to reach the chest. He pulled out the medallion and held it up against the sun. “It’s beautiful,” he whispered with reverence in his voice. “Let’s go!” he said

and ran for the secret door. It was his second time to enter the secret lair, but this time he would not be stopped. He used the medallion to unlock the secret door with ease. The secret passageway opened to a dark stone cave. Massive bats hung from the ceiling, hiding from the sun. Even his trusted steed did not dare enter, and sat down at the door, waiting for him. “Stay here. Be safe,” he said and patted him on the head. There was another door in the cave. He had missed that before. He attempted to open it, but alas, it was also locked. He held up the medallion, the reflection of the sun made it shine, even in the complete dark. He put the medallion in the lock and opened. A staircase. No, a waterfall. Leading down into a dark abyss. And what was a young explorer to do but explore?

He sat at the top, preparing to slide down, when the cannibal reemerged. “Stop right there!” he said and picked him up. The cannibal clearly had the strength of a thousand men and Liam cried in defeat.

“No! You got me!”

The cannibal sat him down on the countertop and pointed a judging finger at his face. “Playing is fine, but there are a lot of dangerous things you could hurt yourself on in that basement. You understand?” Liam nodded. “Now, the keys please.” The cannibal opened his hand and Liam reluctantly handed them over. “Thank you.” He put them back into the dark wooden box on the kitchen counter, but his expression changed and the cannibal was now smiling kindly at him with a playful glint in his eyes. “How about you and I find Will and your brother. Maybe we could play a board game together.”

“Jenga!”

Hannibal chuckled. “I’ll ask if we have jenga.” Liam smiled happily and let the cannibal take him to the other unexplored islands. Who would have thought cannibals were so nice.

###

After talking to Liam, Peter returned to Will who was searching high and low for his brother in a study filled with books along the walls. He was happy his omega also enjoyed to read. Will spotted him and looked at him with what he hoped would be an expression of adoration, but he looked more concerned instead. Typical of omegas, Peter supposed, to care so much about a child. “Did you find him?” Will asked, and Peter shook his head.

“He was not there. Maybe he got upstairs? He likes to hide under beds and in closets.” there might actually be a chance Liam had gone upstairs to hide, but he would risk anything to see where his prince slept.

Will sighed. “Let’s look upstairs then.”

Everything was going according to plan. He took Will’s hand and followed the lovely, beautiful omega up the stairs. The first room they entered was his bedroom. Such luck. Every part of the room smelled like him. It also smelled like the alpha, but that could be taken care of. Will bent down to look under the bed and while distracted, Peter quickly closed the door.

“Why did you do that?” Will asked, suspicion in his voice. His beloved was too smart.

“I wrote you a poem,” he explained. He sat on the bed and patted the spot next to him show that he wanted Will to sit with him. When he did, he pulled out the curled up paper he had prepared before. That he had written it was a lie. He had found it in a romance novel he had found in his mommy’s study. With a deepened voice, he began to read of smooth chests and erogenous members. Once done, he glanced shyly up at Will, who appeared stunned. At least he was blushing, which was what he had hoped for.

“Where did you hear that poem?” he asked. The beautiful blush vanished suddenly, and was replaced with anger.

Peter’s face burned and his heart hurt. He had caught him, hadn’t he? He was angry he hadn’t written something himself. “What’s wrong?” he asked, making him angry with himself. He should confess, perhaps he would forgive him. Yet doing so seemed worse somehow.

“Do you understand the words that you just used?”

He didn’t. “Yes. I’m not stupid.”

Will sighed again. Peter was confused now, but didn’t want to admit it aloud. Before he could say another word, either in his defense or to make matters worse, the other alpha called for the omega. “We’re up here!” Will called back.

They could hear the other alpha run up the stairs and Will completely ignored Peter now, and opened the door for him. It was clear Peter wasn’t going to win Will’s affections this way. “Oh, you found him!” Will said, happily, as Dr. Lecter came into the room carrying his little brother.

“At last,” the old alpha said. “He almost got into the basement.”

“How did you manage that?” Will asked Liam, still not acknowledging Peter’s existence at all, and Peter decided this was a good a time as any to start plan B.

He jumped off the bed, landing loudly, catching both of their attention. Liam glanced his way with disinterest before he found the ceiling more interesting. “Hannibal,” he said, wanting them in a more equal position.

“Peter?” Hannibal said, dumbly.

“I challenge you to a duel for Will’s affections.” He dropped a handkerchief he had kept in his pocket onto the floor, the traditional sign for the start of a duel.

“A duel?” Hannibal asked, still dumb and confused and undeserving of Will. “There’s been a few centuries since we had duels over omegas.” There was a slight condescending smirk on his face that made Peter’s eye twitch. “We let them decide for themselves which alpha they want now.”

“Coward!” he shouted.

“What were you going to duel with?” Will asked.

Uncomfortable as it had been, he had planned for this since before he arrived. Without his mothers' noticing, he had brought his weapon. He pulled the small nerf handgun out from underneath his shirt, and aimed at the old alpha. "This is my weapon! Now put down the child and fight like a man! You may chose a gun or a blade, or perhaps even your bare hands if you dare." Liam, knowing well what it felt like to be hit by a nerf pellet, struggled out of Hannibal's grip and ran to Will instead.

"Young boy," the alpha said, no longer smirking, but angry. "What you are doing right now is quite rude, and I do not believe either of your mothers would approve of such behavior. Put that down!"

"And I told you to choose your weapon, old man!" Peter snarled. "I will count to ten."

"Peter!"

"One!"

"Put that down!"

"Two."

"Now!"

"Three."

"Hannibal," Will said, the sudden weakness in his voice distracting both of them from the matter at hand. Neither alpha noticed the pellet leaving the gun and softly hitting Hannibal's chest. "I don't feel great," he continued and suddenly ran towards the bathroom.

"Watch your brother!" Hannibal told him and followed.

Liam was already busy climbing the bed posts, and so Peter snuck up to the bathroom door and opened it quietly. Will was hunched over the toilet, throwing up, and Hannibal sat besides him and stroked his hair. Even kissed his neck and then his cheek. Perhaps he had been mistaken. His love was not yet mature enough to take care of someone in that manner. Especially not someone who was throwing up, because that was quite disgusting.

They whispered a few words to each other, and Hannibal stood to leave the room. Peter ran towards the bed and tried to stand inconspicuously as Hannibal exited. "Is Will sick?" Peter asked curiously, still concerned for his love, even if he had as of then decided to give up on it.

"No," Hannibal said. With slow but certain steps, he walked up to the young boy and combed his hair back. It had gotten quite messed up during the duel. "When you are pregnant you get nauseous sometimes is all. He's perfectly fine. Let's go downstairs so that Will can rest for a moment."

"Hannibal, I apologize."

The old alpha smiled. "Good. Apology accepted."

“I believed you were a bad alpha for not appreciating Will enough, but I see now that you do take proper care of him. But please, don’t forget to call him beautiful and to compliment him on his sparkling blue eyes and smooth chest.”

The alpha suddenly chuckled. “You’ve been reading ‘Lost in the Omega’s Eyes’, haven’t you?”

Peter froze. “How did you know?” he whispered, scared Will might hear them.

“It’s a classic, as far as trashy romance novels go. Don’t worry. Will would never read a book like that. He’s far too pretentious. He will never find out.”

Peter let the air out of his lungs in a long sigh and smiled. “Okay. Good.”

“I’m glad this has all been settled,” Hannibal said and fixed the last out of place strand of hair on Peter’s head. “Now…” he said with a long sigh. “Where did your brother go?”

###

Will and Hannibal waved the two boys goodbye as their mothers picked them up, and stayed on the porch until the car was out of sight. As they walked inside and Hannibal closed the door, Will pressed a kiss on Hannibal’s cheek and said, “If our child is an alpha, I’m having a back alley abortion.”

Chapter End Notes

You have no idea how much I hate this chapter by now. Especially considering the mediocrity of this story line, I put way too much work into it. I started out loving it, when I wrote it initially. However, I wrote it on my phone on the train, and that the draft was rough is being mild. It took so much work just to make it readable and I really just wanted to write on any other chapter besides this one... But yeah, with this chapter I have sort of decided I am going to do a massive edit of this whole fic before I post the last chapter (hopefully in a few months...)

I am also writing a "dark version" of this story, of sorts, that I am going to post after the name and gender is revealed in the next two chapters, as the other story will be much shorter. And I am still taking pregnant Will prompts if anyone got some.

The Gender - Week 20

Chapter Notes

> Is the fact that this two-part chapter being longer than my bachelor thesis a good enough excuse for how long it took? Anyway, this is a bit different in tone, and involves some Will on Matthew and Francis action, but our regularly scheduled Hannigram will return shortly.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Back when Will was a teenager, he lived with his father by the lake in a small, rural town in Louisiana. The view was beautiful enough to make one think the property could be worth something, but the ramshackle excuse for a house built upon it revealed its true worth. Which was nothing. Their house, whom many would argue couldn't even be called so, was a one-story building of rotting wood. At one point it was white, but now looked more greenish and gray from moisture, with unpainted planks put up to replace a few the rotten ones. It was only so much Bill Graham could do in the short period of time he was sober enough to work. In front of the house was a plain grass field littered with boat engines and rusting tools, giving a rather unattractive unobstructed view to the lake. A dirt road stopped abruptly some 80 feet from the house, and with his father being too lazy to walk most of the time, the truck was parked on the grass right by the front door.

The insides smelled of dog and booze, was dark due to broken lights that were never fixed and heavy blinds covering every window. The furniture was tattered, stained and abused. There was one small bathroom squeezed in between the two bedrooms, which was more than they had had before, so Will didn't complain about that. The kitchen and living-room, the only two other rooms, were technically separated, but one of the dogs had ripped the door to shreds and his father had removed it to get it fixed. That was about a year ago. For all of these reasons, Will had never brought anyone home before, but as it turned out, there was one thing he had that no one else did. An inattentive father and access to a lot of booze.

"Sure your father won't notice?" Matthew Brown, one of Will's few friends, and one of the few of those friends Will actually liked, asked quietly as they walked into the kitchen. Matthew was a lanky alpha boy with dark, short hair and a permanent smirk, even in his slight concern about Will's alpha.

They both stretched to look out the kitchen doorway to inspect Will's father snoring on the couch, with two dogs resting on top of him. "He won't," Will stated and grabbed a chair. To keep Will from getting to his booze, his father had put all his bottles in a cupboard too high for Will to reach, but in his cleverness, he had forgotten about the existence of chairs. "What do you feel like drinking?" Will asked while gently going through the bottles, taking note of the ones with the highest alcohol content. Though as his father didn't drink "water", trying to chose something based on that alone was a rather impossible task.

“We can’t just drink some beer or something?” Matthew asked.

Will snorted. “No! We can get beer anywhere.” He picked a bottle of whiskey and handed it to Matthew. “Let’s go outside and drink.” He nodded towards his father as he led him out of the house. He doubted his father would do much if he caught them. Bringing Matthew outside was more due to embarrassment and the fear he might see more than he already had.

It was getting darker and they were well hidden behind his father’s tool shed. Only the dogs playing around them and giving them attention could give the two boys away, but the not so little pack was scattered all over the property. A few of them playing behind the shed was not too inconspicuous. They settled down in the grass; goosebumps on their skin from the chill in the air. Matthew opened the bottle and sniffed the contents with a disgusted expression. “What is this?” he asked, looking and sounding legitimately scared of the contents.

“Whiskey,” Will smiled, grabbed the bottle and took a sip. He had become good at keeping a poker face when feeling the taste and burn, only pursing his lips slightly. Matthew was apparently braver now and took a far too large swig of the drink, only to choke quickly after.

“Fuck!” he coughed and Will almost fell over laughing. “How do you drink that?”

“Practice.” Will drank some more, allowing more of his actual expression to come out this time, and scrunched up his nose at the strong taste. “I’ve tasted most of the stuff in our house. Dad doesn’t really care what I do.”

Will still kept his smile on, but Matthew’s expression saddened. “Sorry,” Matthew said quietly. Will ignored it and handed the whiskey back to him with forcefulness without looking his way. It was to be expected, what with Matthew seeing it all for the first time in person, but he couldn’t take the pity. After all, others had it worse than him. For all his faults, Bill Graham was a kind drunk who had never struck his child and never raised his voice. At its worst, Will was only forced to listen for hours about how much Bill loved him and how proud of him he was. Rather undeserved praise, Will thought as he drank the Whiskey.

###

Bill woke up towards the evening, to the rather unpleasant sound of retching coming from the bathroom. Thinking it was his son that was sick, he hurried to the bathroom, only wearing his underwear, and was a little taken aback seeing a shorthaired alpha hunched over their toilet while Will sat on the edge of the bathtub. If the smell of whiskey wasn’t enough of an indicator of why the small child was puking, Will could barely focus his eyes on him. “Dad,” he said, not really worried about having been caught.

“What did you give him?” Bill asked.

The boy stared blankly at a spot over Bill’s shoulder for a moment, before he bravely met his father’s eyes. As much as he could, anyway.. “Would you believe me if I said he had some bad milk?” He grinned sheepishly.

“Can you walk to get your friend some water?”

Will stood, stumbled slightly but composed himself quickly. “Yes.” Bill shoved the boy out of the room and made a small prayer that he didn’t trip and hurt himself on the way. Although he would prefer to keep his son safe rather than the little alpha brat, it seemed his son could hold his liquor better.

“You okay there?” he asked the strange boy. It was the first time Will had ever brought someone over for a visit while they had stayed there. Bill had hoped that situation would have gone differently, and that the person he brought was another omega or a beta. Not some alpha brat. “How about I take you home when you’re done?” he asked, not wanting the boy there a moment longer. The boy looked terrified at the thought. He had one of those parents it seemed, who couldn’t let their kid grow up.

“I told him he could spend the night,” Will mumbled. For a drunk, he had been oddly quiet coming in. He put a glass of water on the sink with a loud clink, before nearly falling in when trying to sit back down on the tub.

“He can’t.” Will looked confused. Perhaps he had given the boy a bit too much freedom, actually, when he stepped back and looked at what that freedom had gotten him into. Honestly, he hadn’t really thought omegas would do these things. Steal from their parents and get drunk? It was the most un-omega like thing he had heard of.

The confusion on his face quickly turned to annoyance. “Why can’t he?” he asked.

Bill looked down at the kid who by now had fallen asleep on the seat. Bill found some towels that looked clean enough and dumped him on them, making sure he was sleeping on his side. As little as he cared, he didn’t want the brat to die either. “Come with me.”

Will followed him into his bedroom, where Bill could put on some clothes at last and prepare to do some work on the boat engines he had been tasked to fix. “He can’t spend the night because he’s an alpha.”

“Since when did that matter?”

With his stained and oily coveralls on, Bill grabbed a dog fur covered blanket to sit on to protect his bed. Talking with the boy was exhausting enough. He didn’t want to be standing as well. “You’re fourteen now. It’s going to matter any day.”

The exaggerated eye-roll he received in response was both infuriating and impressive. “He’s just a friend!”

“That’s not how it works when you’re not bonded. Maybe you can be friends with betas, but the alphas will want you too much. And you’re a pretty boy to boot.”

Another eyeroll. “I don’t even think I’m going to have my heat.”

Bill had to laugh. It was very much like his son to concoct some theory as to why what he didn’t want couldn’t happen. Now and then it got him out of things, but biology wasn’t as easy to keep in the palm of your hand. “Why not?”

“Because all the other omegas in my grade has already had their first heat. Some omegas are sterile from birth and never have it.” Will frowned at Bill’s raised eyebrows. “It’s totally plausible.”

“If you say so.”

“So let Matthew spend the night. He already got permission from his parents.”

Bill groaned to stall for time and to infuriate the slightly drunk omega with the stern, commanding eyes of an omega-parent waiting for his child to obey him. The parent-child relationship between them had been a little reversed at times. “Fine. On the couch. I will be up all night, and if I find out he’s been in your room, he’ll be sleeping with the ‘gators.”

It visibly hurt the boy not to roll his eyes again. “Thank you,” he said while his left eye twitched slightly. “I’m gonna check up on Matthew.” Will wobbled out of the room and back into the bathroom. Bill braced himself for getting back up on his feet, and by the time he came back out, Will had settled the alpha brat on the couch with a bucket next to him and two glasses of water on the table.

Though he started for the front door, Bill stopped in his tracks, confusing his little omega sitting by his friend’s side. “What’s going on, dad?” he asked as Bill went for the kitchen instead. He followed him to the doorframe and stayed there as his father poured out bottle after bottle of alcohol, saying nothing as he did so. Bill didn’t expect the boy to either. He had done this many times before, stayed sober for a few months, and then a particularly big bill or problem at work would send him tumbling down the bottle again.

He didn’t voice this, but he had a good feeling about this time. The alpha instincts in him wanted to keep his omega safe from other alphas, now that the boy was maturing, and he had to be alert to do that. When he turned to his son, the omega gave him a soft smile, before a pained moan had him running back to his friend. The little alpha brat was lucky to have someone as caring as Will as a friend. An alpha could not have been bothered with taking care of another alpha or beta.

Bill worked on the boat engines until two in the morning. Deciding to call it a night, he went back inside to find that Will had indeed obeyed that Matthew was not to sleep in his bedroom. However, it was clear he should have specified that Will was not to sleep in the living-room either. At least they were not sleeping next to each other, Will having curled up uncomfortably on the armchair. Bill picked the boy up in his arms, gave him a peck on the cheek and carried him to his bed.

As he wasn’t really tired, he returned to the living-room and settled down next to the alpha brat in the chair Will had occupied. He’d tell Will it was to take care of him, but really, he wanted to make sure the boy stayed put. No alcohol and no TV. It was going to be a long night.

###

The first thing Will did in the morning was make sure there was still no alcohol anywhere in the kitchen. He’d get on a chair and rummage through every cupboard, moving boxes of

cereal and bags of generic brand pasta, thinking he'd find something behind them, but all he found was dust and crumbs. At first, he hadn't thought much of his father's sudden decision to quit drinking again, thinking it was more out of annoyance with Will than anything else. Yet several months passed, and his father was turning more and more into his normal, sober self. The father that Will remembered from his early childhood. He wasn't complaining, really, but the longer it took him to fall back into old habits, the more afraid Will was it would take him off guard.

There was still no sign of drinking, however, and Will could relax another day. Despite that, he still felt on edge and not completely like himself as he sat, eating his cereal with milk that wasn't expired. His face was burning slightly like he had a fever, but the rest of him was fine, and he didn't feel sick. Just as if something was off.

Seeing no reason not to, he threw his backpack on and went to school regardless. He met Matthew by the school's giant iron gates as everyday. They both tended to always be a just a little late, and so he was more or less by himself there, only a few stragglers hurrying by. He smiled brightly to one of his classmates as they passed, but his smile dropped as he turned to Will approaching him. "Hey Will," he said quietly, with a different expression on his face than Will had ever seen on him. He looked uncomfortable, as if he didn't know what to do with any part of his body, and fumbled with arms and legs while standing completely still.

"You okay?" Will asked.

Matthew nodded. "Sure… are you okay?"

Will was utterly confused. "Why wouldn't I be. You're the one who's acting weird."

"Sorry. You smell different."

Realizing he might not have showered in a day or two, Will quickly sniffed his pits, but found them to be tolerable. "I smell okay, don't I?"

"You smell great!" Matthew's outburst startled him, and the alpha grabbed his hands a little too hard. He seemed to realize that though, and let go quickly. "Sorry!" Again too loudly.

The first bell rang in the distance, and Will had never been happier for French class. "I'll talk to you in math," Will said before he stormed off. Whether Matthew stayed or not, he wasn't sure, but he wasn't about to look back at him. He did notice odd stares as he ran, but in his hurry, didn't think too much of it. Then he entered the classroom and everyone's eyes was on him. He looked down at himself. Nothing was wrong with his clothes. He was even wearing relatively new ones, as his father in a sober condition had realized Will's worn and tattered wardrobe wasn't really appropriate. That left his face, but he couldn't exactly inspect it without a mirror.

As he started towards a free desk, one of the omega girls began whispering to the others. It was one of the nicer ones. Nice in that at the very least, she didn't participate, and would occasionally stop the others if she felt their insults got too harsh. One of the omega boys scoffed at her, which made her practically hiss back at him. Just as Will was about to take a seat, she shot up from hers and walked hurriedly towards him. "Will, could you come with

me for a moment?" she asked, grabbed his arm and dragged him away before he could come to his senses.

"How could your dad let you go to school today?" she asked him as she continued to take him somewhere. He tried to stop a few times, but she wouldn't have it, and continued on her way.

"Why wouldn't he let me go to school?"

They stopped in front of the infirmary and she looked at him with deep concern. He hated that look. "You are in heat, Will. It's your first one, right? You didn't smell fertile before."

Will's eyes widened. This couldn't be. He had been so late, he had become absolutely sure it was never going to happen. Most omegas had their first heat at twelve, some even at eleven, and Will was almost fifteen. The girl knocked on the door and an elderly omega nurse opened for them.

"It's his first heat," the girl explained matter-of-factly and handed Will over to the nurse. "Good luck," she added before she left. There was a sympathetic look on her face and he slammed the door shut so that he wouldn't have to look at it anymore.

"Your first heat, huh? What's your name?" the nurse asked as she slowly led him to a chair.

"Will Graham."

She wrote it down on her notepad, then pulled out a phone from the clutter of papers and notes she had on her desk. "I will call your parents so that they can pick you up. Do you have any heat supplies at home?"

"No," Will sighed. "It's just me and my alpha parent."

"I see." She opened some drawers and pulled out pads that she put in front of him. "You shouldn't leak too much slick for the first couple of heats, but you might still need these. Since there is a paternal alpha smell in your house at the very least, your arousal shouldn't be too strong-" She stopped suddenly, and Will realized he must have looked close to crying, because he was. His face felt warm and his eyes stung from holding the tears back. He just really did not want this to happen. She took his hand and patted it softly. "Let's call your alpha parent, and I will give you some brochures. Then come to me if you have any questions. Any at all."

Will didn't respond and sat quietly in the chair with some pads and a cheesy brochure with the picture of a blushing male omega on the front of it while the nurse called his father.

###

Bill had smelled it the moment he woke up and when the phone rang only minutes later, he knew it could be no one else but the school. His little boy was in heat. He knew it was coming, and had felt no trepidation about it before, but at that moment, panic suddenly set in. He had let his child walk out there by himself while in heat, free for the taking. Half of him

wanted a drink, and the other half couldn't believe that was even a consideration when his child could be in danger.

It was a quick drive to Will's school, mostly because he had driven far above the speed limit on the rocky Louisiana roads, and probably broken something underneath his car. At that point he couldn't care less. He hurried inside and found the infirmary, where Will sat, clutching a small bag and smelling of strong preheat. Bill had always worried what his son's heat smell might do to him, but as proof of their genetic relation, instead of arousal there was a strong desire to protect. "He's okay?" he asked the nurse, who nodded.

"A little frazzled and emotional. Very normal." The way she looked at him revealed some judgement, which pissed him off.

"I feel terrible," he started, laying it on thick for her. "I worked late and had to sleep in. If I had only woken up in time, or smelled something on him yesterday, I wouldn't have let him leave."

The judgement dissipated, and was replaced with an understanding smile. "Heats come so suddenly at this age. You can't predict it until it happens." She patted Will condescendingly on the head, and he put his arm around the boy to pull him away from it.

"Thank you for your help," he said before making a swift exit.

Will refused to speak to him in the car, and when they arrived home, he locked himself in his room and didn't come out. Bill didn't particularly want to imagine what Will was doing in there and sat down to watch TV. He let it drone on for a few hours, until Will decided to emerge from his room. The boy was still fully dressed, and while flushed, seemed unbothered by the heat. "Will? How do you feel?" he asked as he twisted in the sofa to look at his son.

"Fine," the boy smiled meekly, a proof he really did not feel well. Will never did anything meekly. Not in front of his father. "I think the nurse was wrong. I'm not in heat."

Bill chuckled. "You are, I'm afraid. The worst of it probably won't happen until tomorrow. Hungry?"

"A bit. I'll eat at Matthew's place." Will strolled casually towards the door as if that was a perfectly normal request to make.

Bill jumped up from the couch and blocked the little omega's way. "Excuse me?" Bill looked down at his son who looked back with trying eyes. "You are not going outside! Especially not to an alpha's house."

"Excuse me," he said, holding his chest with one hand and flailing the other angrily. "Am I supposed to be cooped up in here for four days? Just because of my stupid gender?"

"It's dangerous out there for an omega in heat, Will." To calm him, he grabbed his arms and moved him closer. He tried to snake his arm up to the boy's neck to gentle him, but Will wiggled too much to allow it. "Alphas your age, they can't control themselves." He sighed

and gave up trying to calm the boy. “You are staying put. Soon you won’t be able to do much anyway.”

Tears began to form in the boy’s eyes, but he bravely blinked them away, not wanting to show weakness. “This isn’t fair! I promised Matthew to help him study for his math test tomorrow. He’s going to fail without me.”

“You’re staying.” Bill was relatively calm still, but felt his resolve lessen. Especially as the boy rolled his red and teary eyes at him.

Suddenly Will squirmed his way out of his grip and started for the front door. Bill’s anger was boiling over at this point, and as he shouted, all the dogs in the house jumped. “Will! Listen to me!” Will almost fell to the ground at his demanding voice, and guilt stabbed at him. He had never shouted at Will before in his life, but he wasn’t about to let the boy get himself hurt. He gently grabbed his arm and pulled him away from the front door. “You are not leaving this house.”

“M-maybe you could get me suppressants.” Will spoke with a shivering voice.

In another attempt to gentle him, Bill combed his fingers through Will’s hair first, then let his hand slowly glide down to his neck. “You’re not allowed to start suppressants until you are sixteen. It’s not good for you.”

Will let out a silent sob and Bill embraced the boy tightly, and thanked god his need to protect him was that strong, because fuck he wanted a drink.

###

It was later that evening when the heat really kicked in, and Will realized where the name came from. He was burning up. Despite this, he longed for a touch from someone else. Anyone else. At some point in his desperate writhing on his bed, he managed to doze off, but easily woke to a quiet tap on his window. He propped himself up in bed and saw Matthew standing outside. He walked over to the window and opened it, and Matthew jumped in almost immediately, knocking over a stack of books in the process.

“What was that?” Bill shouted.

“Nothing! I just tripped!” Will shouted back. “Matthew,” Will whispered as quietly as possible while still being heard. “What are you doing here? My dad Will literally feed you to the alligators if he catches you in here now.”

“I just… you didn’t explain why you couldn’t come, and I was worried about you. Thought maybe your father had…” He trailed off, probably realizing Will wouldn’t like where this conversation was going. “You’re in heat, aren’t you?”

Will nodded. “I thought you knew. Those gossipy omegas realized.”

“I don’t listen to them.” With that sentence, it appeared the last of his coherence went out the window he had come in through. Though his eyes were locked on Will, it was as if he wasn’t

looking at anything at all. “You smell really great,” he whispered and reached out a hand to play with one of Will’s curls.

A nervous giggle was all Will managed to get out before he had to step back out of the alpha’s reach. “You sure? Because I’m sweating like a pig.” He tried to smile, but he was scared, and turned on, and he wanted him to leave and to take him all at once.

Matthew had steadily walked closer to him and grabbed his hands. “So good.” He buried his face in the crook of Will’s neck, startling him, but the alpha pheromones hitting his nostrils calmed him and he soon felt himself sink into the embrace. Since when had Matthew felt so safe and warm? Soon Matthew’s lips hovered nervously over his, and he wanted to close the gap between them. A loud slam stopped them, and before Will could even understand what the sound had been, Matthew was ripped from his embrace.

“Dad!” he called out to his growling father. Bill had grabbed Matthew by the collar of his shirt and his jeans, lifting him with strength Will didn’t know his father had. Having been too stunned to do anything to start with, Matthew was now trying to fight the older alpha to no avail. Bill only grabbed on harder and kicked the front door open. The dogs whined and barked at the commotion, running to Will for comfort, slowing him down. “Dad, what are you doing to him?” he shouted as he reached the porch.

In the weak light, he saw his father throw the alpha far into the lake before heading back towards him. Will ran to aid his friend, but Bill caught him and carried the struggling Will with him inside. “Let me down!” Will shouted and punched and kicked his father, but the alpha didn’t budge.

Bill closed the door loudly behind them and put Will down on the couch. “What was he doing here?” Bill shouted, making Will shrink.

“He wanted to check up on me. He was worried.”

After a last loud growl, it appeared Bill managed to calm himself down again, and gently put his hands on Will’s shoulders. “You are to stay away from alphas when you are in heat. Understand? You don’t know what they might do to you.”

“I didn’t ask him to come!”

Bill sighed and combed his fingers through his son’s hair, then moved his hand down his neck to gentle him. Will reluctantly allowed himself to relax against his father’s hand. “Can you check on Matthew for me, please?” Will asked, more meek than he normally would be in his weakened state.

“Sure,” Bill replied and let Will go, causing his son to almost fall at his absence, but Will composed himself quickly.

Through the open door, Will could see the soaked, young alpha walking towards the driveway, but froze as he realized Bill was watching him. Apparently satisfied, Bill shut the door again and locked it tight. “Let’s get you back to bed,” he said and carried Will with him and put him down as a small child. There was no energy left in his body to protest. Bill

closed the windows and the blinds, but by the frown on his face, that wasn't enough for him. He left the room for a minute and returned with a hammer and nails.

"Excessive, don't you think?" Will asked as his father began to nail the window shut completely. He winced at the sound and pushed his head down into his pillow.

Bill stopped for a moment, and Will hoped he had finished. "You never know with alphas," he said and hammered down one more nail.

Chapter End Notes

Also, I lied a bit when I said the only reason this was this delayed was because of the length... I have been home for Easter for a week now, and planned to do so much writing. Instead I've binge watched Daredevil, Jessica Jones and spent 32 hours playing Stardew Valley. One more week of Easter break now. I'm sure I'll manage to get a ton of chapters out... Anyway, part 2 is much longer and will be up tomorrow-ish.

The Gender pt 2 - Week 20

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Once his heat passed, Will woke up as his normal, defiant and sarcastic self, to his father's annoyance, but Will's relief. He had been worried the effects of his heat could be permanent somehow, that he would become subservient and nurturing all of a sudden and lose who he was. Three to five days every third month. He could stand to be a little off on those days he supposed, and soon he could start suppressants. He was already counting the days. "Things are going to be different now," his father said, mouth full of cereal and the newspaper crinkled as he turned the page, though Will didn't think he was reading.

"Why would it be?" Will asked lazily while fishing for the last bits of cereal floating in the milk.

Bill let out a long sigh. "You'll see."

When Will arrived at school, he spent most of the time before the first bell looking for Matthew. He didn't wait for him at the gates as he normally did, probably not sure if Will would be returning yet. If he didn't find him, he wouldn't see him until their math class together later that day, and he wanted to make sure everything was okay between them before that. Otherwise there was no way he would be able to focus on anything else. He was so angry with his father. Pulling the two apart was one thing, but he could have just taken Matthew outside, he didn't have to throw him into a river full of alligators. They were lucky none had been around.

"Will!" Will turned to the voice, thinking it would be Matthew calling for him. Who else would it be, even if the voice was actually unfamiliar to him. He certainly didn't expect it to be some alpha jock who he had never spoken a word to.

The alpha walked up to him by the lockers and put a large hand against them to lean on. He was tall and blonde hair parted in the middle. "Hello… Sam, right?" Will said, picking a name from the jocks he knew at random.

"Cody," he corrected, looking a bit embarrassed, though Will couldn't really understand why when it was Will who had made the mistake. "Sam is my friend. You just got us confused."

"Oh… right. Sorry." Will couldn't tell the football players apart. They were all beefy and wore the same clothes and had their hair in the exact same style.

"That's okay," Cody said quickly, almost startling Will with his eagerness. "You have really good grades, right?" he asked.

Will nodded slowly and backed up a step, only for Cody to follow. "Yes, my grades are okay," he answered, though he was actually the top student at the school. Not that it was a difficult feat at their school.

“Could you tutor me, you think?” Cody looked awkward almost, as he nervously tapped his foot against the floor while biting his lips.

That he was nervous didn’t make Will any less wary of him. “In what class?”

Cody chuckled. “Nearly all of them.”

“I’m not even in your grade though, shouldn’t you get someone you actually have class with?” Will was desperately trying to logic his way out of the situation. He had to find Matthew. He didn’t have time to talk to this alpha, and the smart parts of his brain was struggling to keep the rest of him from being rude about it.

“Hey!” What was definitely Matthews voice cut through the persistent murmur of students. Will was initially happy to see his friend, but all of a sudden, a possessive arm was put around his waist and the alpha released a quiet but challenging growl at the much bigger alpha in front of them. “What do you want with my omega?” he snarled.

The bigger alpha laughed. “Your omega? I don’t see a bite mark on his neck.”

The bell rang, and Will hoped it would make them walk separate ways, but the two alphas remained locked in place. Not even Will could move due to Matthew’s tight grip. “Class is starting,” Will pointed out at last.

His voice seemed to have done something, as they finally moved their glares. “I’ll see you around, Will,” Cody said with a smirk on his face and walked away.

“Finally,” Matthew said and, without letting go, repositioned himself so that they were facing each other. He leaned closer with pursed lips, but Will aptly moved his head to the right, making him kiss air. “What are you doing?” Matthew pouted.

“That’s my question. What was all that about being your omega?” Will asked, having difficulties keeping his voice down. He was aware of people not so subtly glancing at them as they passed, as they were still in a tight embrace.

“I just thought… that after your heat, you wanted me that way. Was I wrong?”

Will felt a stab of guilt at his sad expression and sighed, the anger having dissipated. “That’s just biology. An omega in heat will want to be mated by a nearby alpha, regardless of their feelings towards them otherwise. You are my best friend, Matthew.” Will said calmly, still in the embrace, but trying to gently coax Matthew into letting him go rather than force himself away. “And it’s not about you at all. I don’t want any alpha. Ever.”

Matthew still held on. The second bell rang and Will twitched slightly, knowing they really ought to be in class. “We can talk later,” he said, whispering at this point as the hallway emptied and became quiet. “I mean, think logically about this. You had never thought about me that way until my heat anyway. What you feel is just your brain being a slave to your primitive emotions. Just-”

“But I can’t get you out of my head!” Matthew said, far louder than he should be, making Will cringe. “It’s true I never thought of you like that before. But you were so beautiful and you smelled so heavenly.” He inhaled deeply at the nape of Will’s neck, causing Will to make another attempt at prying himself away, but the alpha’s grip was strong. “You still smell so good. You’re all I can think about. Please, Will. Be mine.” His voice trailed off towards the end, and he didn’t dare look up at Will.

Will put his finger on his chin and moved his gaze up. “Can’t we talk after class?” Will looked at him with pleading eyes, how very omegan of him. At least it worked, and Matthew released his grip. “Let’s meet outside for lunch?” Will said and fought his urge to run away, instead walking at a fast pace.

He wanted to shout. What the fuck was wrong with Matthew all of a sudden. He’d expect that kind of primal, idiotic behavior from other alphas, but not him. Not his best friend.

###

By the time lunch rolled around, Will had prepared a speech to give. Sacrificing most of his French class to do so. However, as he headed towards the cafeteria door exit leading into the courtyard where Matthew was waiting, he saw Cody and his friends sitting close to the doors. They were eyeing Matthew, possibly waiting for Will as well. And Matthew looked furious back at them. Will decided he really could not be bothered at the moment and turned back around. In his hurry to get away, he didn’t notice the person standing behind him and crashed right into his chest. “Sorry!” he said, startled.

“That’s okay,” Francis said quietly. Francis was an odd beta, the size of a large alpha, but with the demeanor of an abused omega. The result of a slight birth defect, a cleft lip and palate. Due to a poor family, the surgery had been postponed for longer than it should have, and the scar was rather nasty looking still. At least that was what Will had heard around school and from parents. Despite this, Will considered him a handsome boy, and if it wasn’t for his speech impediment and insecurity, Will was sure he would have been quite popular. Instead he had been bullied. Though his growth spurt and increase in muscles had put a quick halt to that.

Francis was about to leave, but despite the slight guilt it caused him, Will grabbed him by the arm and put on his best omegan smile. “Who are you having lunch with, Francis?” Will asked, knowing full well that Francis always ate alone in the corner, hiding from everyone else. Eating for him was a bit of a problem still, and it clearly embarrassed him.

“Nobody. Why?” he asked hesitantly.

“Want to have lunch with me?”

Francis’ eyes darted all over the place, as if he was expecting to find someone behind him that Will had been actually talking to. “Why do you want to have lunch with me?”

“I heard you were good at photography.” Francis twitched a little. Apparently not used to compliments. “I hoped you could help me with a little project I have. Only if you want to.”

“What project?” That had piqued his interest at least.

“Getting some nice pictures of my dogs. They move around way too much and all I can afford are these really shitty disposable cameras. When I have it developed, it’s basically just blurs.”

Francis smiled slightly. It was a sweet smile. “I can try,” he said, and Will smiled genuinely back. He had been reaching a bit for that excuse, and he was still mainly hoping that Francis would scare off Matthew, at least until he returned to his senses. However, Will couldn’t help but feel that Francis might end up being a good friend after all.

###

Will trudged through the swampy ground around the lake, in a spot where the trees hunched over the water with the tip of their branches gently prodding the surface. The ripples glittered beautifully in the setting sun, a stark contrast to the putrid smell of decay and mud constantly assaulting their nostrils. Francis walked behind him, more cautiously than Will, not used to the area and texture of the ground. As Will saw what they had come for, resting by the shore, looking more like a small log than an animal, he swiftly grabbed it from the water and pulled back. The splash made Will give a suspicious look towards any possibly deceptive log, but breathed a sigh of relief as none came to life.

The small alligator in his hands croaked, scared and confused, and Will covered its eyes gently with his hand, which calmed it down immediately. “You wanted some close-ups, right?” Will asked Francis, who nodded, mouth agape with awe.

Francis found a spot with good lighting. A small pit of water in the ground where the small alligator could be put down. It appeared to be no longer scared, and was a very good model as it peered curiously at them, sprinting from one end of the small pool of water to the other, before it grew tired of them and started for the lake. Francis followed it until it was submerged, and Will followed closely, worried his new friend would fall in if he wasn’t there to catch him.

“Thank you,” Francis said.

Will shrugged. “No problem. Honestly. All I did was grab it.”

“Still, I am really happy that you help me take these photos. I love taking pictures of animals, but I am not that familiar with them.” Francis packed his camera away, and the two began heading home. Their pace was slow, as the temperature was comfortable, and neither of them was in a rush to leave the beautiful river for their less than stellar houses.

“I love animals,” Will explained. “I always pick up injured and orphaned animals that I find.”

“Is that why you have nine dogs?” Francis asked hesitantly. It sounded as if he wanted to make a joke about it, but was too scared to offend him.

Will pushed him playfully, which didn’t make Francis budge at all. “Pretty much,” he laughed. “We also had some cats and even a fawn at some point, but that was where we lived

before. Now we just have the dogs."

Francis hesitated a bit before speaking, but smirked a little when the words finally got out. "Nine dogs is not just."

Just the fact that Francis finally made a joke made Will laugh loudly, even if it was only worth a chuckle at best. "To us it is just, I guess." Will smiled.

They were home too quickly, even though too quickly was nearly an hour. It was getting darker and the comforting glow of their porch light was all they could see. Francis' steps slowed even further, and Will realized Francis probably wanted to go home even less than Will. "Want to stay at my place for a bit? My dad isn't home, and we can make dinner."

Francis' eyes grew hopeful, but quickly saddened again. "I don't want to be a bother."

"No bother!" Will grinned. "My dad and I went fishing yesterday, and I figured I'd fry up some of them tonight. Just a simple dinner-"

The dogs suddenly began to bark and they heard loud, determined steps come towards them. "Will!" Matthew's voice cut through the pleasant silence. His stomped towards them, and despite the fact that Will had befriended Francis for protection, Will immediately stepped in front of his friend to shield him from the alpha.

"What are you doing here?" Will asked, voice firm.

"Well, you've been avoiding me everywhere else for the last two fucking weeks, so where else was I supposed to find you!" He had steadily come closer, but as he got a proper look at Francis, some of his bravado faltered. "What is this? You fucking the Tooth Fairy now?"

"Don't you dare call him that!" Will shouted at him, his own anger now replacing his fear at the jab at his friend. "And Francis is my friend. Do you know what that is? Friend? Two people who hang out and don't have sex."

Matthew growled quietly, but kept his eyes locked to Francis, who Will now could feel closer to his back. "Leave," Francis said, sounding surprisingly confident and angry, his voice low and raspy.

Matthew appeared to consider his options, and cleverly decided he could not take Francis, began to back away. "I'll go if you promise to come talk to me. Without your bodyguard."

"I can talk with you tomorrow," Will said, still unsure if he really would or not. "Francis, let's go inside."

Will rushed past Matthew while Francis walked slowly, looking ready to grab Matthew if he was to do anything. Inside, Will watched Matthew walk away from behind the curtains. "What did he do to you?" Francis asked.

"Nothing, I guess." Will sighed and walked into the kitchen, stepping over dogs on the way. While grabbing a pan and getting stuff from the fridge, Will could feel Francis' eyes on him, begging him to elaborate, but too scared to offend to ask. "He is apparently in love with me,

and I don't like him back. He's being a bit scary in his crazy alpha state, so I've been avoiding him."

"And became friends with me."

That it wasn't even stated as a question broke Will's heart. "Kind of," Will admitted. He put down the cookware and sat on the counter, not sure if there would be any point in cooking after this conversation was done. "But you are really nice. I like you," Will clarified. "And you're a really good photographer. And right now you're pretty much the only person who acts normal around me. Everyone's gotten so weird after my heat."

"I've noticed."

Will chuckled. At least he wasn't going crazy. "All these alphas who I've never talked to and who never cared about me keep coming up to me, and I don't understand it. I look the same as before!"

"They like your smell," Francis said bluntly. "They say that out of all the omegas, you smell the best."

Will grimaced. To think, in this civilized day and age, people were still slaves to such primitive instincts. "What do you think?" Will asked.

"I'm not in love with you." Francis immediately panicked at his own words, causing Will to grin at his flabbergasted face. "I mean, you are very beautiful, and you smell really nice!" he said loudly. "But I am in love with somebody else."

"Don't worry. I'm not in love with you either," Will said. "So," he began, still grinning. "Who is this person you are in love with? One of the omegas?"

He began to fumble and play with his fingers nervously. "She is omega, but you don't know her," he said quietly, looking at the floor rather than Will.

"Is she from Canada?" Will joked.

Francis shook his head coyly, smiled and briefly looked up from the floorboards to speak. "She has a part-time job working in a photo development lab. Where I go... to develop my pictures." He sighed and his gaze fell again. "But it's futile. She wouldn't like me."

"Why not?"

"Because she's too beautiful for me," Francis mumbled.

"But you're handsome as well."

Francis chuckled. "I'm deformed," he said, turning his head from Will.

"Says who?" Will asked, genuinely angry at whoever was saying this to his friend. "You have a scar, but I like it. It suits you. Makes you look more distinct."

“But the way I talk-”

“No decent person will care about the way you talk! If she doesn’t like you for such a shallow reason, she doesn’t deserve you in the first place. Trust me!”

“But you wouldn’t fall in love with me.”

“But that’s me,” Will said with a sheepish smile. “I’m never going to fall in love with anybody. I’d totally have sex with you though. Have you looked at your body in the mirror? You’re hot!”

Francis blushed and appeared to be trying to hide inside the wall, grasping at the flat surface to no avail and pushing his body against it. “You’re just saying that because it would never happen.”

Will shrugged. “It could happen. As long as you are prepared for that I will never fall in love with you or be your omega, we can go to my room right now. I have condoms, actually.” His heart began to pound and his cheeks flushed as he realized what he had just proposed. It wasn’t a lie, though. He’d like to lose his virginity to Francis. After all, the number of fellow students he could even stomach to be close to was dropping by the second. And Francis was handsome and kind, and would definitely be respectful. And by the look in his eyes when he talked about this other omega, he was far too gone to fall in love with Will any time soon.

“But-” Francis stuttered. “It won’t affect me, but they will all be able to smell it on you. Are you okay with that? The way they might treat you...”

“I’d prefer it,” Will interrupted. “Maybe they would all back off if they realized I was broken goods. At least the romantic advances will stop. Sexual ones will probably increase, but I still consider that better than what is happening now.”

“Are you for real?” Francis let out a short laugh, the kind you did when you weren’t sure how else to react.

“What can I say. I’m more of a ‘write that I’m a slut on the bathroom wall’ than a ‘bring me flowers’ kind of omega.” Will smirked. It was a little forced, as his nerves was getting to him. “So what do you want to do?”

Will hopped off the counter and reached out his hand for Francis to grab. Francis did not respond immediately, instead shivering nervously against the wall. Will was just about to put his hand back down, figuring that he had been rejected, when he suddenly grabbed it and pulled Will just a little closer. “Let’s go to my room,” Will whispered, and led the large beta through his house.

Will was right. He couldn’t have chosen a better partner for his first time. Francis was careful and shy, sweetly asking for permission before doing anything, and relying on Will to guide his hands across his body. At any sign of discomfort, he would stop with a panicked expression, and wouldn’t move until Will told him to continue. The whole ordeal was beautifully awkward and pleasurable. Neither of them quite knew what to do of their limbs, and arms and legs would tangle and crash, and they would laugh at the ridiculousness. As

much as Will had read up on the procedures of sex, as the school's sex ed was quite lacking, nobody had told him where he should put his hands or just how wide he actually had to spread his legs for the large beta to enter him. They both climaxed after much fumbling, despite the occasional bark, whimper and scratching at the door distracting them, and Will was quite pleased with how it had all went down. They laid down with Will resting on Francis' arm and drifted off while softly speaking about nothing at all.

###

The wonderful smell of whiskey and beer made Bill's nostrils flare. His buddy Roger sat at one of the booths in the dark bar and Bill was proud of himself for making it to him without ordering anything. "Where have you been lately?" Roger asked. Roger was a large alpha, though his largeness was mainly in width. He sat with his arms sprawled to the sides, wearing his work clothes still, and smiled widely at his friend.

"I sobered up," Bill explained, making his friend chuckle.

"Should've know. It's only then that I never see you. So what happened? Given up?"

Bill shook his head while scoping the bar out of habit, not because he was looking for anything in particular. "No. I finally felt brave enough to come down here. It's a test."

Roger's smile disappeared and his arms fell to his side. "You're serious this time, huh?"

"It's been almost three months," Bill explained. "So don't let me drink anything!" He pointed a strict finger at him, wearing a mock serious expression.

Roger laughed. "I won't. I'm glad, actually," he said, the laughter fading as he spoke. "It's good for your little omega to have a father there to look out for him."

As he brushed his hands through his beard, he let out a sigh and nodded. "It's for him that I quit, yet he's the one that's making it difficult to stay sober." He chuckled sadly, letting his hand abandon his beard in favor of resting his chin on it. "He just had his first heat and some alpha was already trying to mate with him."

"Fuck, but you stopped him?"

"Yeah, I threw the little alpha brat in the river."

Roger's loud laugh and following applause had the whole bar looking their way. Bill waved them off, and they quickly returned to their own conversations. "Good on you," Roger grinned. "That boy's gonna be trouble, what with how pretty he is."

The words cause shivers to run down his spine. "Touch my son and I will murder you." His tone suggested it was a joke, and Roger laughed, probably thinking no more of it, but it certainly was true.

When the time came that Roger was drunk enough that Bill would have to get drunk himself to tolerate him, he decided it was time to head home. Being able to drive home instead of tripping in the cold dark was a certain advantage to soberness, and he was home far earlier

than he used to be. Immediately as he exited the car, he could smell the alpha brat. With a growl he ran for the door and went inside. He sighed with relief that the smell was not there, but he certainly smelled something new. It was that strange non-smell that betas had. A scent Bill could only describe as being the same as how a plain rice crackers tasted. He followed the scent to where it should certainly not be; Will's bedroom. He walked silently towards it and quickly pulled the door open.

There was no mistaking what the two boys had been doing. The smell in the room and the pile of clothes on the floor was proof enough. It had been over long ago though, and by their sleepy and startled expressions, it appeared the pair had fallen asleep on the narrow bed. Whoever the beta boy was, he had to be a senior at least. Way too old to be with his little boy. "Get out!" he growled loudly at the kid.

The giant reached for his jeans, already wearing underwear, and skirted past him. Once the boy was out of the door, Bill turned back to Will, expecting his son to be ashamed and embarrassed at being caught. Instead the boy was glaring daggers at him. "Why would you treat him that way?" Will snarled as he began to put clothes on. He put on the t-shirt violently, messing up his curls even more than they already were.

"Because he slept with my fourteen year old son. How old was that beta?"

"He just turned 15. We're in the same grade."

Bill needed a second to let that sink in, allowing Will to walk past him without Bill registering he was headed that way. Seeing that the beta was long gone, the boy instead went to the kitchen and put away food that had apparently been left out. Forgotten in favor of something Bill didn't want to think about, but his son's changed scent forced it on him.

"You are not going to school tomorrow!" Bill told him as he placed himself in the doorway. Will only scoffed, continuing to put away everything in angry manner as if Bill was the one acting unreasonably.

"I missed enough days when I was in heat," Will said flatly.

"You are not going to school smelling like that."

Even though he couldn't see it, Bill could feel the boy's eyes rolling. "I'll take a shower."

"You can take as many showers as you want. That scent isn't going away anytime soon. Will, look at me when I'm talking to you!" Only once before had he truly raised his voice at Will, and now it had already lost its effect. Will put down what he was holding and looked at him with a raised eyebrow, urging him to continue. "If they smell that you've had sex, everyone will lose respect for you. They are going to treat you like a slut."

"Good. All the more reason to go to school tomorrow."

Bill had to rub his temples. Pure frustration was causing his head to tense and ache. "What is wrong with you?" he sighed. "What kind of fourteen year old omega has sex? Fuck, and your cycle is probably all over the place still. What if you end up pregnant?"

“It is statistically improbable for an omega to conceive with a beta outside of a heat, even at my age. What you should be worried about is STDs. We used a condom, though.”

The audacity of the little boy. He had to laugh, desperate as it was. “Fuck, I need a drink.”

“Go ahead. Nobody is stopping you.” Will snarled. At least Bill hit a nerve this time, and the boy rushed past him again, pushing him out of the way to return to his room.

Not knowing what else to do, Bill crashed on the couch and fell asleep to reruns of old soap operas. When he woke up the next morning, Will was gone along with his bag. What a fucking brat he had managed to raise.

###

Will hadn’t thought there could be more staring than when he was in heat, but he was wrong. However, this time there was a twisted pleasure in seeing everyone’s appalled expressions, having chosen it himself rather than having it forced upon him. Especially the teachers not knowing what to say made him smirk. His French teacher stuttered and nearly forgot the language at multiple times during class from being too distracted by his scent.

It wasn’t until he saw Matthew that he regretted his decision to come. The two of them suddenly found themselves in the hallway, a rather empty one at that, and Francis was nowhere in sight. If Will remembered correctly, Francis had a class in the other end of the building at that time. “Come with me,” the alpha demanded and walked towards the emergency stairs. After a slight hesitation, Will followed.

The doors to the emergency stairs were supposed to be locked, but as someone had failed to do so at some point, it had become a place to hide for students skipping class. A pair sat kissing at the very top f the stairs, at the roof of the building, but were too far away to hear them at first floor. Will looked down at the gravelly ground, determining what the damage would befall him if he were to jump or fall off… just in case.

“I thought you weren’t fucking him.”

Will was still looking at the ground and kicking lightly against the metal railing. “Ironically for you, if you hadn’t shown up and started the conversation, we probably wouldn’t have.” He turned to face the alpha and leaned against the railing. “So thank you for that.”

Matthew growled and grabbed Will’s arm, but Will pulled it back immediately. “What does he have that I don’t? He’s not even an alpha! He could never please you the way I can.”

“You know what he has that you don’t? The ability to act like a decent person.”

“What did I do to you, Will?” he hissed. “Besides fall in love with you?”

“You’ve been so angry ever since then!”

“I’ve been angry because I confessed my feelings and you ran away and refused to talk to me!” All of a sudden he didn’t look angry anymore. He looked sad and hopeless. “Then you

started hanging out with the fucking Tooth Fairy just to scare me off, and then you go and sleep with him! That's what I'm angry about! What are you angry about?"

He had him tongue tied, he had to admit that. What was Will angry with him about? He had to turn away, and rested his forearms on the cold metal railing and looked down. Behind him, he could hear Matthew's impatient breathing. "I hate that you would just disregard our friendship like that, without even talking to me about it," Will finally concluded and looked up at the couple at the top of the stairs, who were pretending they weren't looking at them. "And that you called me your omega."

"Well, that's what I want you to be. My omega. There is nothing wrong with that." And that he thought that way pretty much summed up the problem.

"Yes there is!" Will turned back around, tried to meet his eyes, but they were too full of emotion, making Will confused. "I don't want to belong to anyone."

"But I would treat you right. I am different from the other alphas. I know you and care about you."

"Then just be my friend. Forget that I'm an omega, and just go back to how everything was before my heat. Please."

Matthew didn't reply right away. He reached out to touch Will's cheek, but he only allowed a light caress before he flinched away. He dared to meet the alpha's eyes, and could see the heartache in them. There was no going back, even if they tried. At that moment he understood that. Matthew lowered his head and fell back against the brick wall behind him, understanding it too.

###

"Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday dear William. Happy birthday to you." His dad sung in the least enthusiastic manner he had ever heard, but at least his father was sober enough to remember the day this time around. The two of them sat in the living-room by themselves, surrounded by the dogs as usual. A couple of them were sniffing curiously at the rather pathetic looking chocolate cake on the table. Only a single candle was lit, placed in the middle of the round cake and melting wax onto the frosting.

"I can't believe you baked something," Will said and blew out the candle with a half hearted exhale.

His father cut the first piece with a knife and tipped it onto Will's plate. "Anything for you," he smiled faintly.

Everything between them had felt strained lately. They barely spoke and hadn't gone fishing in a month. They had always argued often and heatedly, but it always passed within a day's time. It was never like this. It wouldn't have surprised Will if his father had turned to the bottle again, but if he had, he hadn't noticed. But he worked all day and was rarely inside anymore, only gracing him with his presence when he wanted to eat dinner.

“What did you wish for?” his father asked.

“I don’t know. What’s there to wish for.” Will gave it some serious thought, but the only thing he’d like was impossible. “I don’t want to be omega.”

“Good luck with that,” his father sighed and ruffled Will’s hair. “You’re going into heat again, aren’t you?” Bill asked and touched his son’s forehead.

“I think so, yeah,” Will answered honestly, a bit more compliant and omegan whenever it was that time. “It’s a few weeks early, though. Maybe I just have a fever.”

“It could be,” he said, though the way he said it suggested he didn’t believe that at all. Of course Will knew his heats would be all over the place for the first couple of years. That it was only a few weeks early was actually fairly regular for someone his age. “Either way, I guess you’re staying home for the next couple of days,” his father said and Will nodded. “No protest?” Bill asked, turning concerned. “How has school been since…”

As his father trailed off, Will continued. “I lost my virginity?”

Bill grimaced uncomfortably. “Yes.”

“Some kids call me slut. I’ve gotten some pretty nasty propositions from alphas, and teachers glare at me like I have something contagious, but otherwise, okay.”

“You never slept with that beta giant again. Why not?”

“It was just a one time thing. He’s in love with someone and doesn’t want her to smell me on him. He doesn’t want her to misunderstand our relationship. We’re just friends.”

“If you say so.” Bill sighed and grunted, awkward as he must have felt having such a conversation with his omega son.

Regardless of this, Will rested his head on his father’s shoulder, needing an alpha close-by, while nibbling at his cake. It tasted good despite its slapdash appearance. “Dad,” Will said, his voice suddenly so meek. “I am sorry about how I turned out,” he said, meaning it, but wanting to get it out of the way due to what he was planning on doing that night.

Bill sighed and put his arm around his son. “I have no right to say anything about how you turned out, Will. I have been a shitty father. You deserve so much better than what life has given you.” He looked into his eyes and pushed away a stray curl obstructing their view of each other. “That’s why I want you to find a good alpha. So that you can have the happiness you deserve to have.”

“Dad, I will get that happiness on my own. I will make the life I deserve on my own.”

“You keep saying that. On your own. On your own. Was I really such a terrible alpha that you’d rather spend your life alone than share it with someone else?”

Will didn’t answer the question. It was too close to the truth for him to feel comfortable voicing it. At least for now.

When his father was fast asleep, Will quietly snuck out of the house. Though it wouldn't do much if he got too close to people, he had put on a scent blocking cologne, and hoped it would be enough along with the oversized jacket he was wearing. At 2 a.m. it should be.

A feeling of dread was growing inside him, which should make him stop and return home to his bed if he was smart, but he was nothing if not stubborn. When he had made love to Francis, it had felt right. He had been nervous, but not more so than anyone else would be for their first time. This he felt in his gut was going to be a mistake. But the scent of mating had vanished, what with his partner being only a beta. In the alpha brain this barely counted as more than a mosquito bite. If he wanted the scent to remain for a while it had to be with an alpha.

He knew very well that what he was about to do was selfish and childish and more to do with his own obstinate nature than his actual desires, but his quickly oncoming heat and the thought of Matthew's scent made it all the more tempting regardless.

Distracted as he was, it took some time before he realized he was being followed. An older alpha was walking up to him from behind, his steps becoming faster and faster, matching Will's increasing pace. Once Matthew's place was not too far away, he began to sprint, and the alpha followed suit. He could see Matthew's apartment building when the man grabbed him and carried him away from the street. "What a beautiful little omega you are," the man said while sniffing Will's neck.

His survival instincts and omegan desire to appease alphas momentarily had him thinking this man could do. That he could be the one to create that appalling scent on him. He quickly shook that thought away, however. He was not about to let his instincts allow him to be raped in some smelly back alley. He took in his surroundings. They were between two small apartment buildings, surrounded by dumpsters overflowing with garbage. The broken mop sticking out of the pile of trash was the only potential weapon within reach, and it would have to do. The alpha was busy trying to get Will's jacket open, giving Will some time to find his weakest point. He decided that it had to be his face, grabbed the mop and shoved the sharp end of the wooden handle into the alpha's eye. He howled in pain and Will ran before blood could spill.

He really ought to go home at this point. To be safe with a protective alpha. But there was no telling what would happen if he walked all the way back and the adrenaline surprisingly made his resolve all the more strong. He was going to mate with Matthew.

The two of them had snuck in and out of this place enough for Will to know how to get Matthew's attention. Next to the building was a large, solid oak practically made for climbing. At the second story he climbed out on the branch and knocked on Matthew's window. The alpha looked confused at him through the glass, but as he opened and could smell his scent, there was an understanding. "You only come to me when you are in heat," he nearly sighed as he helped Will inside.

His exasperation vanished as he scented Will, and quickly pushed him down onto his bed. It was already warm and ruffled up from being slept in, and Matthew's short hair was all over the place, but Will couldn't care less. "Mate me," Will whispered and Matthew inhaled a shaky breath and proceeded to quickly pull Will's jeans off. This was definitely going to be

different than with Francis. “Condom,” Will told him and put one Matthew’s hand, who for a second looked confused as to why he would ever need such a thing. But when Will refused to allow him closer, he finally put it on, clumsily and in a hurry.

Will was concerned it might not be on properly, but he estimated they would be caught before Matthew could form a knot. There was no way his parents would not be able to tell what was happening in the room next to theirs. Will hadn’t tried to be quiet when entering either. A few minutes was all he estimated they would need for their alpha and omega pheromones to mix and create a new scent on him. He pulled off his shirt and helped Matthew take off his.

Not bothering with anything such as pleasantries and foreplay, Matthew entered him suddenly, making Will wince. Despite the pain, he wanted him inside him, and didn’t cry out. He continuously thrust inside him with ferociousness. The bed creaked and pounded against the dresser it was next to in the cramped room. As bad as the sex was in the logical parts of his brain, the primal parts wanted it so badly. He wanted that knot to grow inside him, to satisfy that inexplicable need for pressure, and his mind was lost to the feel of Matthew.

The door shot open, bringing Will back to reality. “Stop!” Matthew’s mother shouted and pulled her son away from Will and threw the crumpled blankets over them. “Get dressed!”

Will absentmindedly put his clothing back on. This was what he had planned for, but he missed the fullness inside him so much, and was in such a daze still it was difficult to comprehend what was happening around him. How he hated this feeling of having no control of his own body and thoughts; biology doing all the thinking for him.

“I am calling your father, William!” Matthew’s mother stated and dragged him out of the room. He had only put his underwear and jeans on, but she deemed that enough. In the corner of his eye, he could see Matthew’s father leaning against the wall in the hallway. As he too was an alpha, he feared there might be a lustful stare as well, even though he was bonded. But Will’s view of his eyes was obstructed by the darkness in the room. “Watch Matthew!” the mother called out to him, and he reluctantly left for his son’s bedroom.

He was dumped in an armchair where he curled up with his feet up and his face resting on his knees. He was burning up and everything was getting blurry. He just wanted alpha. Who it was did not matter. He was empty inside. “Will?” his father’s gentle voice asked, the paternal alpha scent clearing the mind fog.

“How did you get here so quick?” Will asked.

“You have been sitting like that for forty minutes, Will,” Matthew’s mother said. At least there was some sympathy in her voice. She too was an omega after all, she probably understood that Will was not in a state where he was able to think clearly. “What do you suppose we do now, Graham?” she asked his father.

“What is there to do?” Bill asked and wrapped Will up in his strong embrace. The closeness and smell of him made him feel more like himself.

Matthew’s father came into the room, exuding rather aggressive and aroused alpha pheromones. By the way the others in the room reacted, it was not just Will that noticed.

Bill's hold became tighter and Matthew's mother frowned at her husband for being in the room. "They mated," he said, picking up their conversation. "Perhaps we should arrange for them to be married when they are eighteen. At least make it somewhat legitimate."

"I'm not marrying Matthew," Will scoffed.

Bill gently cupped his head and turned his face away from them and towards him. A silent 'shut up' was said with his eyes, and Will obeyed for once. "I am not marrying my fifteen year old son away. It's the wrong decade for that."

"So my son's going to walk around smelling like sex because of your slutty omega?" the mother hissed.

"What did you just call Will?" Bill growled back.

"We've heard about him," she continued. "Matthew is not exactly his first."

"Just because he's made some questionable decisions, doesn't mean you can call him such things. He is a child!"

Will tugged at his father's shirt and whimpered quietly. "Can we go home?" he asked, not capable of hearing any more loud noises in his current state.

"Of course. Thanks for calling me," Bill said, not sounding very grateful, and carried Will away.

Will felt like a small child as Bill put him in the passenger seat and put his belt on for him before getting in himself. But Will was still barely capable of moving, even if his head was clearing up. He curled himself up again as his father slowly began to drive. The silence was loud and painful, but Will refused to be the one to break it. He was not feeling like having the conversation they were about to have.

"The fuck were you thinking?" Bill finally shouted, startling Will out of his own head.

"That I was losing the smell of being mated with Francis, and I should mate with Matthew to make it stay on longer."

Bill stopped the car in the middle of the road and took a deep breath. "What?" It sounded like he wanted to shout, but held himself back.

"That way nobody will want me anymore."

Bill tapped the steering wheel impatiently, apparently speechless for a good few minutes. "I think you need to see a shrink or something," he said, having calmed down, and started the car again. "This is getting out of hand, Will. You can't just go doing shit like that. It doesn't affect just you, you know. Matthew as well."

"He's an alpha. Who cares if he has been mated."

"He might care!"

“I didn’t force him.”

“You practically did. Showing up that way.”

Will sank in his seat as they approached the alleyway he had been attacked in. An ambulance and police car was parked there, blocking the view. Bill peered at it curiously, but didn’t pay it much mind besides that. However, Wills’s heart began to throb painfully and his hands got clammier if possible. Hopefully his father would attribute his strange reaction to his heat. From between the parked emergency vehicles, he could see the man still moving, though on a gurney being moved into the cart. Will released a breath of relief. At least he was not a murderer.

More relaxed, Will untightened the knot his body seemed to have formed and put his feet back on the ground. “Dad, I want to go on suppressants.”

“You are not,” he said bluntly. “Not until you are sixteen. Preferably later, actually.”

“I have read about the side effects,” Will explained, hoping he could reason with his father. “None of them are too bad, even after long term use.”

“You can lose your heats. Become infertile.”

“Does it seem like I want kids?” Will asked, voice slightly raised, having lost his patience with the constant misconceptions.

“You will want some in the future.”

“How could you possibly know that?”

“All omegas do.”

Will let out a loud, angry shout, and he had to commend his father for not steering off the road at the sound. Crazy as the behavior was, it helped Will calm a little. “If you agree to it, a doctor can prescribe it to me now. And especially since I am sexually active, it’s almost necessary unless you want grandkids early.”

He could see his father cringe at the phrase ‘sexually active’ and tighten his grip on the steering wheel. “Fine,” he hissed. “After your heat, we’ll go to a doctor.”

“You don’t need to sound so excited about it,” Will groaned sarcastically.

“Don’t you dare, Will. Few parents would be as okay with this as I am. So don’t you dare be snarky with me.”

“How would you act if everyone was trying to control you all the time? You wouldn’t know, because you’re an alpha, but everyone has all these ideas about how I’m supposed to behave, what I’m supposed to want, and what I’m supposed to do, and I fucking hate it! I’m going to do something significant with my life. I am going to travel and learn about the world, and I’m going to study something interesting that I love and have a career, and I’m never going to have an alpha or a kid. Ever!”

###

Alana pushed the contraption heavily against his stomach and he grabbed Hannibal's hand tightly at the discomfort. Despite how he felt about everything, he actually was a little excited about this appointment. An improvement, he supposed. Hannibal was definitely excited, that was for sure. The blurry image appearing on the screen had his eyes fill with adoration, and it was Hannibal's turn to squeeze Will's hand tightly. He had to laugh at the sight. "Good, steady, heartbeat," Alana said. "No sign of deformities." She looked away from the screen and smiled at them. "Everything looks good health-wise, and that is obviously all that you care to know," Alana said with a playful tone.

"Bring him out of his misery, Alana," Will said, referring to Hannibal sitting as if he was ready to leap. "Find the genitals already."

"I don't care what gender the baby is," Hannibal added, just a bit defensive. "I am excited about being able to start thinking of names and buying clothes."

"I know, I know," Alana grinned. "The baby looks a bit like Will, doesn't he or she?" Alana said before moving the ultrasound, her head tilted slightly to the side.

Hannibal chuckled. "It does. Don't you agree, Will?"

Will squinted, trying to understand how the hellspawn could possibly look like anyone at all, before Alana moved the ultrasound towards the genitals. "Well, baby's got its legs spread wide open, so it shouldn't be a problem to see whether it's a he or she."

"Just like daddy," Will joked, and Hannibal elbowed him gently.

Alana barely acknowledged them, too focused on the screen. She hummed thoughtfully as she studied the fetus. Hannibal was also looking intently at it, but at the same time appeared to be a bit frustrated that he wasn't knowledgeable enough in this particular area in order to tell himself. "It is a boy," Alana said, still a bit thoughtful as she inspected what she was looking at. "Definitely not alpha."

"Yes!" Will exclaimed, startling his husband and doctor. He smiled awkwardly. "Continue, please."

"He is either beta or omega," she said with a humored smile. "It's always hard to tell between the two on ultrasounds, but statistically speaking, since you are an alpha and omega couple, I put my bet on an omega. Congratulations."

Hannibal was positively awestruck looking at the screen and kissed Will's belly. "Our beautiful little boy," he whispered sweetly.

###

Bill, as always, looked utterly out of place in his and Hannibal's home. He wore old jeans Will was sure he had owned already back when Will was a teenager, his hair was a gray mess, and he hadn't taken off his old jacket despite Hannibal insisting he do so. Will

imagined he was embarrassed about what he was forced to wear underneath it, and as Will was quite similar as his father when it came to pride, he made Hannibal drop it. That he looked so utterly aware of his out of placeness caused a stab of guilt within him for inviting him on such short notice in the first place.

“This is what I wanted to show you,” Will said, hoping it would distract Bill from his discomfort. As he sat next to him on the sofa, he put the envelope in his father’s hand, who still looked mildly confused until he opened it and saw the photo from the ultrasound.

He gasped at the sight and smiled softly. “Do you know the gender?” he asked.

Hannibal walked in at that time, carrying a tray of sandwiches. Something simple and plain at Will’s request. He put it on the coffee table and sat down in the sofa with Will and wrapped his arm tightly around the omega. “It is an omega boy, like Will,” Hannibal said smiling. Will had worried Hannibal might have preferred an alpha, especially since Will had made it pretty clear this was their only one, but Hannibal seemed even more ecstatic than before. Beaming with happiness every time he got to talk about their hellspawn.

“Omega, huh?” Bill said, sounding as if he pitied them all of a sudden, though he still looked at the photo with fondness.

“What’s with that reaction?” Will asked. “What does it matter to you what the gender of our child is.”

“I just thought you’d prefer an alpha, is all.”

Will was nearly speechless. Nearly. “Of course I don’t want an alpha! They are nightmares to raise. Omegas are way more compliant.”

For a long while, his father looked at his Will as if he couldn’t make sense of what he was saying. “You’re joking?” he said at last. “Do you not remember yourself?”

“I remember how I was the top student at my school. That I volunteered at animal shelters. Cooked for you. Cleaned the house for you. Took care of you when you were too drunk to…” The shame in his father’s eyes stopped him from saying anything else. After all, the drinking had stopped for a long time when Will was a teenager, and he hadn’t started again until he moved away for college. “Anyway, I was a good son.”

“You also drank, did drugs-”

“Pot doesn’t count.” He wasn’t about to let his father know about the drugs he had done since.

“And then there was those two boys. The giant and the one with the wonky face.”

It was at this time Hannibal straightened up, curious more than jealous this time. “There were two of them?” he asked. “You said you lost your virginity before you were fifteen. Was it with one of these two?”

Bill snorted. “Yeah, the giant one first. Then the alpha brat.”

“Their names were Francis and Matthew, dad.”

“Right,” Bill hummed. “What happened to them?”

“Francis got married to an omega girl and moved to Africa. Matthew I don’t know.”

“Could you tell me the story?” Hannibal asked, more to Bill than Will, and Will couldn’t really blame him, after all the omissions he had made over the years.

“I don’t know,” Bill said, being difficult on purpose. A case of the pot calling the kettle black. “You might get scared knowing what you have to expect,” Bill said as he held up the photo of the hellspawn. “If he is anything like Will, this child will cause you a lot of heartache.”

“More of a reason to prepare me,” Hannibal smiled, clearly not worried about Bill’s warning, though it had gotten to Will. He had been so happy to not raise some stubborn, pain in the butt alpha, only to realize that stubborn, pain in the butt was pretty much a description of himself that age. Hannibal might argue also at his current age.

“I’ll tell you. Fill me in if there’s something I don’t know,” Bill said and Will nodded.

“Fine. This was back when we lived in Louisiana…”

Chapter End Notes

This is tomorrow-ish, right? And I have no idea how some of you authors with long ass chapters do it, because this was a nightmare to format in the AO3 text box...

The Name - Week 21

Chapter Notes

> This has only been gone through once, but as I won't have time to edit this (or write anything, or have a social life, or breathe) during my upcoming exam period, I figured I would just post this as is and hope it's not too bad. I was quite inspired when I wrote it, and thought it good enough when I looked it over today, so hopefully it's fine... feel free to comment if something sounds completely ridiculous or bad. And enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal retrieved the meat he had carefully chosen to feed Will and their child from the fridge, rolled it in herbs, and let it set until room temperature while cutting the vegetables and preparing the potatoes for the oven. From as far back as his childhood in Lithuania, Hannibal had loved to cook. Had loved the scientific way to prepare it, the aesthetics of presentation and the resulting taste. Yet his love for it had become even stronger when it was about feeding his omega; discovering what he enjoyed and perfecting his skills to the point where he could make Will moan with pleasure from his cooking. The pregnancy had made this more difficult.

For a while, most things made Will sick. Even foods Will had loved before, and his beloved had become much thinner than he ought to be. Only his small belly protruding slightly. Now that Will was able to keep things down, Hannibal was enjoying fattening him up again, and making sure his meals contained all the vitamins and minerals a pregnant omega needed.

“Hey,” Will spoke softly behind him, and he turned to face his beautiful, radiant mate. “Smells delicious,” he continued and wrapped his arms around Hannibal and lazily watched the food preparation over Hannibal’s shoulder.

“I’m happy to see you smiling,” Hannibal said. The beginning of the pregnancy had exhausted his mate, but after finding out the gender, the air in their home had been lighter and Will’s symptoms had lessened. It was no longer a topic prone to cause annoyance or anger, but Hannibal still treaded lightly.

“I am feeling so much better,” Will explained and nuzzled against the crook of Hannibal’s neck. “I haven’t thrown up in a week,” he chuckled. “I got some heartburn and I’m a little sleepy, but it’s manageable.” He smiled softly at him, then turned his gaze down to the stove. “What are you cooking?”

“A meal high in iron, calcium, folate and B-vitamins. It should provide you with more energy as well,” he said.

“Wonderful,” Will said. “Yet tells me nothing about what you are cooking.”

“Beef,” Hannibal explained, knowing Will didn’t care for the finer details as long as it tasted good. He enjoyed Will’s wonderful scent close to him and the feel of his pregnant belly against his back, and purposely made a sad face as Will let him go to sit by the counter. Will only childishly stuck out his tongue at him. “Are you helping me prepare for parenting?” Hannibal chuckled.

“Yes,” Will grinned. “What’s the least you can cook the meat?”

“I will cook it well-done.”

Will pouted. “Fine.” He let out a loud, theatrical sigh. “Whatever I have to do to keep the hellspawn safe.”

Some of Hannibal’s good mood vanished with that sentence. He loved Will, and his dark sense of humor was part of the deal. If he had been certain of Will’s feelings towards their unborn child, he might have seen the humor in it as well. So far, however, Will’s little nickname for their child was instead a constant reminder that deep down, as much as he tried to hide it, Will had at some point, and still might hold, some resentment for the child. “I was thinking we should decide on a name,” Hannibal said.

“Okay,” Will said. “Any suggestions?”

“How about Lucian?” Hannibal asked as he put the meat on the heated pan. The sizzle of the oil didn’t cover the sound of Will’s laughing snort behind him. “What’s wrong with Lucian?” Hannibal asked, a little insulted by the blatant rejection of the name.

“Nothing,” Will said, grinning. “We can afford good psychiatrists to help him get past all the bullying he will suffer through. Not to mention it has the same meaning as a name I suggested. Don’t you remember?”

“I had repressed it.” Hannibal sighed. “Fine, not Lucian,” he said. “A more common name might be more to your preference. Christian? Adrian? Francis? Julian? Victor? No, that’s more alpha.” Hannibal turned back towards Will, who was only smiling, not really caring. “I don’t mind picking the name, but I want you to agree.”

“I like them all.” Still smiling.

It was clear Will had nothing more to say on this, where he sat with his legs crossed waiting for Hannibal to respond. “Out of those, I am most fond of Julian,” Hannibal said.

“Julian Graham-Lecter it is,” Will said and smiled contently.

He had to laugh. “Most couples put more thought into the name of their child,” Hannibal said.

“You don’t like the name after all?”

“No, I do like it.”

“And I like it,” Will said and shrugged. “So there’s no problem.”

Hannibal took a deep breath. “I suppose not.” The meat had finished cooking and he plated it along with the vegetables, potatoes, and ran a thick line of the light sauce that would help bring out all the flavors, before placing a spot of fresh parsley on top. “Here you go,” he said and put it in front of Will, and put his own plate next to his. As they were there, they might as well sit in the kitchen. He preferred to eat in the dining room, but will sat so perfectly and happily on that barstool. He didn’t want to lose that sight for something like a change of scenery.

“Julian,” Will suddenly whispered before he began to cut into the meat. “I have to get used to him having a name,” he said silently. “Barely got used to it being a him.”

“Are you sure you like it?” Hannibal asked.

Will nodded as he chewed slowly. He swallowed audibly and turned to Hannibal with a sleepy smile. “Yeah. I do. But it’s not really up to me, is it? How about it, Julian? Move around a bit if you like it, give me heartburn if you don’t.” Will made a point of putting on a expectant expression as he waited for the response, and Hannibal felt silly realizing he had held his breath waiting for the response himself. “Nothing,” Will chuckled and put some meat and potato on his fork. Just as he were to put it in his mouth, he was interrupted by himself letting out a loud, sudden, cough.

“Are you alright, dear?” Hannibal asked and put his hand on Will’s shoulder in an instant need to protect and soothe his mate.

Will nodded, then grinned sheepishly. “Heartburn.”

###

“Charles,” Hannibal whispered to himself, sounding the name, trying to imagine it for a young omega boy sitting on the floor, playing with his toys.

“Are you only on C still?” Will mumbled, more enthralled by the novel he was reading than Hannibal. The alpha was sitting on their couch with a baby name book in his hands, while Will used his lap as a pillow as he read Sabbath’s Theatre for the third time. Will was also used as a pillow by Winston, who was resting his head on Will’s bump as he slept soundly.

Hannibal couldn’t resist twirling the soft locks of hair splayed out on his thighs and received a pleased hum from Will. “I want to give all names a thorough consideration,” Hannibal explained.

“I have very frequent heartburn,” Will said and sighed, clearly attempting it to be overdramatic, but as he was tired, ended up nearly yawning instead. “You might have just used a spice that Julian didn’t agree with.” He put his book down and reached out a hand to make Hannibal look at him, the touching of his hair apparently not enough.. “It was a coincident,” he said, and allowed Hannibal to move from his hair to his face and remove Will’s glasses. He wanted to look at those magnificent, blue eyes directly.

“It’s silly, I realize,” Hannibal said and ran his fingers across the skin of the omega’s face. “But it is an important decision to make for parents, and I don’t feel right about choosing a

name I came up with at random."

Will chuckled. "Fine, I get it. Put my glasses back on please." Hannibal obeyed and bent down to accept the chaste kiss he received in reward. Once his glasses was back on, Will quickly returned to the world of Philip Roth, and Hannibal returned to the world of names and their origins.

After sitting quietly for a long while, the only sound in the room that of pages turning and the quiet breathing of their mutt, Will suddenly squirmed awkwardly. Lately, Hannibal's mind went to all kinds of dark places when Will showed discomfort, and had to struggle to keep calm. "Are you alright?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes," Will said, his voice slightly strained with discomfort . "Julian is just moving around. Or I think he is."

Hannibal watched silently for a while as Will grimaced at the sensation. He was almost a little jealous that Will was able to feel their child that closely, when that desire was so strong in him as well. "May I touch your belly?"

Will chuckled and softened his expression of discomfort. "Of course. I don't think you can feel anything yet, though."

"I am aware, but I still want to." Hannibal let Will pull his sweater up by himself before Hannibal put his hand on the warm, soft bump. Naturally, he couldn't feel anything. Of course he wouldn't, when Will barely could. Yet a part of him had sincerely hoped that he could. "Is he still moving?"

Will made an unsure, nasal sound. "Maybe."

"Does it feel like butterflies like Alana said?"

The little commotion had stirred Winston awake, and the dog forcibly moved Hannibal's hand on top of his head to make him scratch his ear, and Hannibal obliged. "Kind of," Will said and joined in on the ear scratching. "It's like that feeling you get under your feet when you look down a steep cliff."

"So like butterflies?"

"But more uncomfortable. He stopped now." He pulled his sweater back down and moved Winston to the other end of the couch in order to switch to his side and look at the baby name book Hannibal was holding. "You are only on D?"

Hannibal humphed, feigning insult. "It's a slow process."

"Well, Julian's name is not going to begin with D." He humphed back. "I don't like that letter."

"You dislike a letter?" Hannibal raised an eyebrow at his mate.

“Of all people, you should understand. It makes an ugly sound,” he explained and spoke the D out loud a few times. He stopped to shudder. “No D or T.”

Biting his lip to hold back a grin, he nodded. “No D or T.”

“Also no G or L. I hate it when people give their children a name that begins with the same letter as their surname. Alliteration only works in Dr. Seuss.”

Hannibal flipped the pages until he reached the next letter of the alphabet. “But E is acceptable?”

Will shrugged. “Why not. Let’s hear it.”

“There is Edward.”

“Julian really hates that name,” Will said after a second of contemplation. “Sorry.”

“Elijah. Emmet?”

“No. No. None of these names really scream Julian. Know what I mean?”

Hannibal sighed in defeat. “I don’t know if you really liked the name Julian that much or if you’re just toying with me.”

Will bit his lip as he pretended to consider. “Both. Definitely both.”

Having had enough of the conversation, Will put his arm around Hannibal’s shoulders and pushed himself up to kiss him. It started out as a gentle peck on the lips, then another, and one that lingered. Each kiss lasted longer and longer until their lips stopped parting altogether. As Hannibal tickled Will’s tongue with the tip of his, he found himself straddled by the omega. “Hannibal?” Will whispered and moved slightly away.

“Yes?” Hannibal gasped, and grasped for Will to have his lips back on his.

“I don’t want to ruin the mood,” he said, still only a whisper, as they kissed again. “But before we continue, Julian is very hungry.” Their lips touched as they smiled and released breathy chuckles.

“But Julian ate a big dinner only an hour ago,” Hannibal teased.

“What can I say. He is very demanding.”

“And what does he want?”

Will hummed thoughtfully against Hannibal’s cheek. “Something with chocolate.”

“I’ll make sure he gets some chocolate.”

###

Hannibal looked at the naked Will, exhausted, sweaty, full of food, and sated from sex. It was a beautiful sight where he rested splayed out at the bottom of the bed, his stomach showing a bit more now than it normally did, due to the amount of desert he had consumed. He put his hand on it and rubbed the firm belly gently. “Is he moving?” Hannibal asked.

“Not as I can tell,” Will said drowsily. It was getting late, but still a bit early for bed as far as Hannibal was concerned. It seemed to be about time for Will, however. “What are you thinking?” Will asked, sounding a bit concerned of the answer.

Fair enough, as Hannibal was concerned about what he was about to say. “Are you happy?” he asked hesitantly. “About this,” he added, looking at Will’s belly.

Will sighed and moved to his side so that he was facing Hannibal. “I don’t know yet,” he said. “I’m not unhappy. And names and stuff is fun.”

“And what is not fun?”

Will shrugged. “The rest of it?” he laughed nervously. “It’s getting better. I swear. It’s just that…” he trailed off, thinking. “Ever since I was young, I’ve been pretty hellbent on this never happening.”

“Will,” Hannibal said and moved closer to his lover on the bed. “Why would you tell me you wanted children? Back when we first talked about it?”

“I told you.” Will averted his gaze, focusing on the hair on Hannibal’s arm instead. “Because I love you.”

With a gentle hold, Hannibal moved Will’s head back up to him by the omega’s chin. “Yes, but we had only been together a few months when the topic first came up. And you said you wanted them.” He tried to determine what the omega was thinking, but there was simply too much going on in Will’s blue eyes for Hannibal to catch it. “Why didn’t you run away then? Why would you stay with me?”

Tears formed in the omega’s eyes, but his voice was steady as certain as he spoke. “I’ve spent my whole life running away from everyone who tried to tie me down. I wanted to do everything alone and no one made me feel even close to changing my mind. Not Francis and Matthew, or Jeremy. Then I met you and being alone seemed like the most terrible option imaginable. And as terrified as I am of this parenting thing, I am absolutely sure I will still end up happy because I am with you.”

Hannibal pulled Will close, resting his chin on the top of Will’s head and feeling the moisture of tears on his chest. “I will make sure you are happy, so don’t be scared. Anything you need to be happy, even if that is being away from the baby sometimes, we will do.”

“Thank you. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Hannibal moved on top of Will and ran his fingers down his wet cheeks to dry them. The soft, lightly trembling lips and the loving light in his eyes was too much to resist and Hannibal stole a chaste kiss from him beloved, and another and another, like Will had done to him before. “Again?” Will asked.

“Unless Julian is hungry again?” Hannibal smirked, still close enough to Will’s face for their noses to brush against each other.

“Julian is,” Will laughed through the tears. “But he can wait.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm not sure if I mentioned this or just talked to someone in the comments about this, but whether Hannibal is a cannibal in this fic is sort of up to you guys. There will be no specific mentions of it, and it is AU anyway, but for those of you who want him to be, I leave a few puns and hints along the way. Anyway, this was originally a silly mini-chapter, but I wanted to write more from Hannibal's pov, aaaaaaand this happened. I like how it turned out better than my original plan was though.

The Cravings - Week 23

Chapter Notes

> Coincidentally, I think today is this fic's 6 month anniversary... yay? I feel bad this is the chapter you get after such a long hiatus. I don't think it's bad, but it's not the best (that said, I am actually pretty happy with my writing in this. Not necessarily the plot itself, but the writing). I was swamped with exams for a long time, and then for two weeks I did absolutely nothing (besides play Uncharted and Fallout… they may have consumed my life). Anyway, I am doing nothing this summer, which is awesome, and will update at least once a week, and start a new fic that will also update once a week. First chapter will be up on Friday, just to give myself a deadline… I'll shut up now. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The little cafe brightly lit by the sun through the large windows was quiet, but still had the comfortable murmur of people. Alana and Will had spent their lunch hour talking about everything and nothing, to the point where their meals had almost been left forgotten and the waitress gave them glares for spending too long despite it not being crowded. As their plates were finally empty enough for the waitress to take them away, Will quickly found himself scanning the dessert menu propped up on the table. "I'm happy to see your appetite is back," Alana spoke with a smile.

"Me too. I can be a little nauseous in the morning still, but the throwing up seems to have stopped completely. Knock on wood." Will chuckled. Just as he was about to raise his hand to order a warm brownie with a scoop of vanilla ice cream, Alana grabbed his wrist and by her furrowed brows and gritted teeth, he realized she was about to tell him something he didn't want to hear. "What?"

"I just wanted to point out that… you've gained a little more than you should in such a short time," she said. "It's perfectly normal!" she was quick to add and put her hands as if to defend herself. "Especially for omegas in their 30s." As Will showed no reaction, she un-tensed her body and folded her arms on the table. "It's just something you should be wary of."

Will sighed loudly, thinking back to the same morning when he had spent a good ten minutes inspecting his suddenly rounder face and each limb that had increased in circumference. "Yeah, I know. I feel like I'm a lot heavier than I ought to be. I actually had to hide my bathroom scale the other day because just the sight of it makes me upset." She not so subtly suppressed a chuckle and Will shot her a playful glare. "It's all Hannibal's fault! I lost weight when I was throwing up all the time, and he kept feeding me all these high calorie foods and made me stop exercising."

“Well, tell him that exercise is good for you as long you feel comfortable, and you should only add about another 300 calories a day to your diet. And brownies are not good for you or the baby regardless of how much you weigh,” she said with a smirk. “Though of course you can enjoy yourself now and then.”

The brownie looked delicious, and giving it up was difficult, but the love handles sticking out from above his jeans that he really should swap out for maternity clothes soon, were encouraging. “No, you’re right. No dessert and I’ll start exercising again.”

“That’s the spirit.” She glanced at the dessert menu, and he could see her eyes pause at the raspberry vanilla cheesecake.

“Don’t you dare!” he told her and she smiled sheepishly.

“Another day,” she said and put the menu back down.

###

It was rare for Hannibal to come home to the smell of dinner cooking. Will had very willingly relinquished the kitchen to him, as he only enjoyed cooking when it involved fish and campfires. Winston lay exhausted on his bed in the hallway, barely bothering to look up to say hello, though he accepted the scratch behind the ear that was offered with a happy pant. Although he could tell Will had showered by the smell of soap and cologne, the musky smell of Will’s sweat still lingered in the air where he stood. Hannibal removed his jacket and walked to the kitchen door, where he peered curiously inside.

“What are you cooking?” he asked.

Will was slightly startled, but looked back at him with a bright smile. “I’m experimenting a little. Healthy, high protein, low calorie dinner.”

As he talked, Hannibal walked up to his omega, trying to ignore the occasional mess on the counters on the way, and stood next to him by the stove. He pretended to glance over the food, but in reality he was too concerned with Will to pay it much mind yet. “You also appear to have been on a fairly strenuous run. Please don’t tell me you’re trying to lose weight, Will. You’re pregnant. At least not until you talk to Alana.”

“Doctor’s orders, actually,” Will said, smirking. “I’ve gained a bit too much weight and I’ve been listening to you and taking the exercise down a notch. Alana told me that as long as I feel comfortable, jogging is perfectly healthy. I’m also going to start doing yoga again. Baby yoga, don’t worry! To strengthen my hips and my core.” The latter was said with a slight, playful wiggle of his hips, and though it was done jokingly, Hannibal still had to admit he appreciated the sight.

Despite his omega’s joy, he couldn’t help but frown a little. He had always appreciated that Will took care of his body. Not for his looks, but for his general health and wellbeing. But now that he was pregnant, he was enjoying spoiling his omega and keeping him safe at home, reading a book on the couch with him. “Just don’t exaggerate,” he conceded.

“I won’t,” Will whistled happily. “And my beloved,” he started. “I can already feel myself losing enthusiasm for cooking, so I hope you can whip me up some healthy and delicious lunch tomorrow?”

“Of course.”

Will smiled and without warning planted a passionate kiss on his lips. When they parted, he was still grinning, and Hannibal realized this energetic and enthusiastic Will certainly made him feel happier as well. He hadn’t seen him like that in so long; not since he became pregnant. Even the dinner looked nice. A simple, but judging by the ingredients strewn about the counter, delicious risotto dish. “This looks great. Perhaps I should let you in the kitchen more.”

“I’m not completely helpless,” Will laughed and put the pot off the stove.

Hannibal put his arms around his omega and rested his head on his shoulder to look at his careless way of plating the food. As Hannibal’s wandering hands landed on Will’s belly and his grip tightened just a little, his omega unexpectedly shuddered and froze. He turned around with a look of disbelief and disgust, and Hannibal was curious where this hormonal outburst was going. Then the disgusted expression turned slightly humored, confusing him more.

“You’re into this,” he said and pointed at his belly. “You like me when I’m fat!”

“Don’t be ridiculous. I admit that I enjoy you looking pregnant with my child.” Plump and adorable as he was, and there was something oddly arousing about the constant reminder of the act they had done to create this life inside his husband. “But it is not a fetish.”

Will looked skeptical. “If you say so.” Will returned to the task of plating the food, but kept turning back to glance at Hannibal with the same purposely exaggerated incredulous look. He was not going to let this go soon, that was certain.

###

Will realized it was strange to be so excited about exercise and healthy eating, but it was as if he was returned something he had lost. He had enjoyed it so much back before he got pregnant, and only a few days after starting, he was already starting to notice some results. Less pain in his back, more energy, better sleep, and a slightly firmer belly. In general, he just felt less pregnant, and he dared think to himself, that perhaps the hellspawn… Julian, had finished with him for the remainder of the pregnancy.

Before class, he found himself happily humming along to some pop song he didn’t actually like, but was regardless inflicted upon him frequently. A professional hazard. He sorted through his papers when the smell of rich chocolate entered the room along with Beverly. “What’s up?” she asked as she realized he was staring.

“Nothing,” he said quickly. “What you got there?”

“Oh, just a brownie. Want to share?” she asked. She sat down by her desk and swiveled in her chair to show him the large, decadent piece of cake.

“No,” he said, the vowel drawn out and hesitant. “I’ve been gaining too much weight according to my doctor, so I’m trying to eat healthier.”

Will expected mocking, but instead she appeared to show an emotion that could almost be described as sympathetic. “I wasn’t going to say anything, but you really have gained quite a bit these last few weeks. Thought maybe it was normal.”

“No. Just my age and Hannibal overfeeding me because he has a creepy pregnancy fetish.”

Beverly’s laugh was short, loud and high pitched, and hurt his ears just slightly. “Alphas do that. They are soooo proud of themselves when they knock someone up,” she explained.

“So I’ve heard. It’s just creepy when it actually happens.”

She laughed again, before she took a large bite of the moist, rich, brownie with the powdered sugar on top and nuts - cashews it seemed. The loose powdered sugar shifted slightly as breath escaped her nostrils and coated the tips of her fingers. “This is pretty good,” she said with her mouth full. “It’s from the cafeteria, so I’m surprised. Everything there is usually shit.” She took another large bite before swiveling back around to her desk. As she got preoccupied with a paper, she left the brownie on the table. It just lay there on the white napkin with the school’s cafeteria logo, unattended, unappreciated.

He shook himself out of the trance and jumped up from his chair. “I need to get to class,” he said and gathered up his things.

Distracted, Beverly hummed in response and let Will walk away to class twenty minutes early. With increasingly fast steps, he headed towards the cafeteria on the other side of the building, only to be slapped in the face with a closed sign. He wanted to curse loudly. He’d forgotten lunch was over, and it wouldn’t open again until dinner. Realizing they might have moved leftover brownies to the little campus shop, he turned on his heel and headed there. A small, rational voice inside his head tried to tell him this was just cravings, and he shouldn’t be having sugar, but that voice could go fuck itself with a knife.

He was just at the entrance of the shop when he was interrupted by a student. “Professor Graham!” Will was embarrassed to say he wouldn’t have noticed Kevin, despite him calling his name, unless the boy had just walked out of the store with a brownie in hand.

“Hi, Kevin. A healthy lunch before class?” he said, using every bit of sense and self-control he had to sound like his normal self.

“Yeah,” Kevin said, chuckling guiltily. “They are really good today. I’m lucky this was the last one, or I would have bought a whole platter. See you in class, Professor.” He walked off. Fucking Kevin.

###

Hannibal once again came home to the smell of food, but certainly not a smell appropriate for the time of day. Poor Winston was now exhausted and hiding behind the couch, terrified his master would make him exercise more, and Hannibal gave him a reassuring scratch behind

the ear before going to the kitchen. He almost felt an urge to cry at the sight of his beautiful and pristine kitchen practically trashed. “What on earth happened here?” Hannibal asked.

“I’m making healthy brownies,” Will stated without turning to look at him.

Hannibal expected more. Some form of explanation for the calamity that must have occurred to create such a mess, but was only given silence. “And that required the use of every bowl I own?”

“I have made a few different batches,” he said, still too focused on the task to look at him. “Been trying several recipes.” Which only somewhat explained the mountain of dirty dishes, which seemed to have initially been placed in the sink, but as the mountain grew, it had spread throughout the room.

“Alright. Where are they?” While the mess was evident, there was no proof that the mess had actually resulted in anything. Will pointed at the trash can, placed close to the oven where it was not supposed to be, and it was indeed filled to the brim with perfectly fine-looking baked goods. “You threw them all away?”

“They didn’t taste like I wanted them to,” he said matter-of-factly while stirring batter in a bowl. They had a mixer, but it was dirty to the point where Hannibal thought it might be easier to just get a new one.

Before speaking, he took a deep breath to settle his nerves and gather courage, as he had some idea what reaction he might expect from his omega. “Are you perchance experiencing some cravings?”

“Why do you ask? THIS DOESN’T SEEM NORMAL TO YOU?” he asked angrily, his stirring increasing in vigor to the point where most of it spilled.

Hannibal was quick to put his arms on his husband to stop him. “Why don’t you go relax, and I will make you real brownies?” he said while taking the whisk from him and placing it carefully on the counter, out of reach.

“No! The hellspawn is not going to win this one. I’m going to find a healthy brownie recipe if it kills me.”

“You consider this winning?”

Something appeared to snap in Will as he said it, and he hurled the bowl furiously at the sink, where it crashed into something else and the contents poured onto the floor. He then proceeded to grab the flour and cocoa powder, among a vast amount of food that should not be in brownies as far as Hannibal was concerned, in the trash, making Hannibal wince at the sight of the spoiled ingredients. “You’re right,” Will said.

“Whatever you think I meant, it wasn’t that,” Hannibal assured him.

“No brownies. None at all. So…” He looked at the mess in the kitchen, and seemingly retrieved some of his lucidity. “I’ll clean up here, then you can make dinner.”

“I think it’s better if we order in for a change.” Hannibal smiled and kissed his omega. “And I’ll clean this up, go rest please. If you want to help, I’m sure the mess will still be here by the time you are done.” Will looked guiltily at the mess, but hopefully realizing Hannibal was right, he nodded and left the kitchen.

###

Although Will had seemed a little antsy and had gone on both a run and spent a good hour doing yoga on the floor, the latter which Hannibal had to admit he quite enjoyed as well, he had otherwise seemed normal. That was until 2 a.m. when Hannibal was woken up by stirring in their bed. “What’s going on?” he asked sleepily. “You’re not sick again, are you?” He reached out to pat his husband on the back, but the omega was too quick to leave the bed.

“No, I’m going to get brownies.”

That woke Hannibal. “What? It’s 2 a.m.!” he said and sat up.

“I’m sorry. Julian won. I need it,” he said defensively as he dressed himself.

“I will get up early and make you brownies for breakfast tomorrow. Go back to bed!”

Will shook his head. “You don’t understand. I need them NOW!”

Will finished putting on his jeans and headed downstairs, and Hannibal quickly followed. “You didn’t keep any of the ingredients, did you?” Hannibal asked as Will reached the hallway, and as he noticed the car keys in Will’s hand, grabbed them from him.

“I didn’t,” Will said. “That’s why I’m going out to buy them.”

Hannibal sighed, utterly defeated and slightly unable to comprehend the situation he was suddenly in. “I’ll go.”

“Why? Just go back to bed.”

“I’m not letting you out in your current condition.”

“What?” Will snorted. “Pregnant?”

“Pregnant and crazy,” Hannibal clarified. “Go sit down. Or better yet, go to bed! I’ll be back soon.”

“Thank you.” Will looked genuinely grateful and apologetic; Hannibal couldn’t even bring himself to be annoyed.

“Go rest!” He kissed Will and headed out.

It took half an hour to find a grocery store that was still open, and more than an hour had passed before he returned. He was fully expecting Will to be asleep by then, but as Hannibal turned on the lights in the living room, he nearly had a heart attack when he saw his omega still sitting there in the dark, with expectant eyes looking at the grocery bag.

“You got everything you need?”

“Yes.”

“I can make it myself.”

“It’s fine. I’m not tired anymore.”

Hannibal headed for the kitchen, Will right at his heels, and began to cook. The omega hovered behind him, checking on everything and making little comments about the amount of chocolate and sugar. When the cake was put in the oven, Hannibal went to rest on the sofa while Will stayed in the kitchen to watch it cook. Being more tired than he thought, the moment he sat down, he blacked out, only to be awoken by the beeping from the kitchen. With heavy and tired steps, he walked back out, where Will had already taken the cake out and was waiting for it to cool while sitting on a stool by the counter island.

“Does it look okay?” Hannibal asked sleepily and rested his chin on Will’s shoulder.

“It looks great,” Will said with a smile, but was visibly distracted by the brownies.

He poked it gently, and though by his slightly pained expression it was still burning hot, he went and got a knife to cut himself a slice. He placed in gently on a plate before taking a small bite out of it. He chewed slowly as if to savor the taste, then smiled at Hannibal. “Thank you again for doing this. I realize I’m acting crazy.”

“It’s alright. It’s temporary,” Hannibal said with a playful smile, hoping Will understood there was no anger or annoyance. He would do anything for his mate and their little Julian after all.

Will smiled in return. “I love you. Goodnight.” He kissed Hannibal and walked away yawning, leaving the rest of the brownies and a dumbfounded Hannibal in the kitchen. He had only taken that one bite.

Chapter End Notes

> You’d think this was an exaggeration, but it isn’t (at least not by much). My best friend’s pregnancy inspired this fic, and throughout most of her pregnancy, she had crazy cravings, and would go absolutely insane if she didn’t get what she was craving for. Especially if it didn’t taste quite right, and something akin to this happened in my kitchen while she was staying with me for a week. Pregnancy: one of life’s great miracles…

The Maternity Clothes - Week 24

Chapter Notes

> Ready for some Christmas spirit in the middle of July? These were planned for December/January. That's how slow of a writer I am! (or fast). And remember when I talked about writing a dark version of this fic? The first chapter is now published. Please check out the first chapter of the much better written "The Antithesis". It's darker than this, but no darker than the show. You should be fine.

Through exercise probably more strenuous than he was supposed to, Will had managed to keep his figure relatively well, especially for an omega in his thirties. But Julian was very determined to grow, a significant amount that night in particular it appeared, and no diets or exercise would stop him. That morning Will had stared at himself in the mirror for longer than usual, finding that even the one pair of maternity jeans he had bought were hugging his stomach too tightly and not even any of his oversized plaid shirts, that Hannibal had a love/hate relationship with, would fit anymore. He threw off the plaid shirt struggling at the buttons only to see his too small t-shirt unattractively pulled up at the bottom of his bulging stomach, making it look like he had a beer gut rather than being pregnant. He held it in, making no difference whatsoever, and released it again, somehow making it fatter than before.

He threw the t-shirt far away, Hannibal could pick it up later, and started for the closet to find something to wear. Each item of clothing was held up, inspected, and soon deemed too small, before being put back all wrong according to both Hannibal and Will, who were to this day still arguing about whether clothes should be categorized by color or occasion. Will came across Hannibal’s red sweater, a sweater Will probably appreciated more than Hannibal, as he found it inexplicably sexy on the alpha. He had only ever worn it once before, and it had been a sexier occasion. But the sweater that was oversized even on Hannibal appeared to be the only thing that was going to fit properly on his blob of a body.

It was the holiday season, and while Will was done for the most part and didn’t need to go in for work until January, the holidays only made Hannibal busier. Thus Hannibal was long gone and wasn’t there to tell him whether it was okay for him to wear it or not. But as there wasn’t much of a choice, he put it on. He looked more obviously pregnant in it at least, and sighed defeated knowing what was to come. It was time to go shopping.

###

As Will entered the mall through the parking house entrance and viewed all the stores lined up ahead of him, he came to the realization that he had no idea where to buy maternity clothes. Hannibal had gotten him the pair of jeans he was wearing, but judging by the quality of the fabric, they were unnecessarily expensive. He was only going to wear them for a few months and get rid of them. Burn them maybe. Give them an acid bath. More likely throw them in a bag and hand them over to a Goodwill.

Determined to get through this ordeal as fast as possible, he bought a smoothie with boosts and headed for the depths of stores. The boosts apparently had an affect on Julian, that kicked violently against his inner organs. The kicks were supposed to get stronger soon. That was going to be awful. If getting his organs pummeled wasn't enough, it didn't help that everyone around him was full of holiday cheer. Little children ran excitedly from shop window to shop window as Christmas music played on the wall-speakers. It was terrible.

After wandering aimlessly for a few minutes, he suddenly came across an omega store, and decided he might as well give it a try. He had only really shopped in beta stores before, the omega pastels not really being his color. They still weren't his color now when he was pregnant, but it looked like he didn't have much of a choice. He found the maternity wear hidden in the back, just as pastel as all the rest. Some even had frills and lace. Certainly it would look great on some omegas, but not him.

"Can I help you?" an overly cheery omega girl said loudly as she came up behind him. He might have been startled if he wasn't about to welcome a lion to rip his head off at that point. She wore nearly all pink and had her blonde hair tied back in a tight ponytail. "Looking at maternity clothes?" she asked, still cheery as all fuck, admiring his bump.

"Obviously," he said. "Do you have anything that is not this… colorful?" he asked her. "That or plaid?"

She scrunched her lips as she thought, and inspected the racks of clothes until she found something she believed suited those criteria. "How about this?" she asked and pulled out something that was, he had to admit, plaid. He didn't realize plaid came in pink with lace collars, but apparently it did.

"No," he said bluntly.

Her bright smile turned exasperated. "You know, this is a time to celebrate. Maybe get out of the rut of dark clothes and wear something like this. I think this looks lovely."

"It looks lovely, on somebody else. Not me. Something black please."

She turned on her heel and quickly patrolled through the racks. "What about this?" she asked, pulling out a formal tunic, that was indeed black and without lace.

"That's for female omegas," Will pointed out.

"We're not in the fifties anymore. Male and female omegas especially wear clothes society only deems fit for one gender all the time. We, who have been oppressed for so long, need to stand up for progress."

“And I totally agree. That still doesn’t mean that will fit over my arms.”

She looked him over and nodded. “True. Let’s find something else.”

They finally managed to find some clothes Will deemed alright on the sales rack. Three plain black shirts and a suit jacket, as well as a second pair of jeans. Will decided this was enough to last a few days and the rest could be bought by Hannibal, who actually enjoyed torture. As they approached the register, he couldn’t help but notice she had kept the colorful plaid shirt.

“I’m not getting that,” he said and pointed at it.

“But you would look so adorable in it,” she said. “Look!” She held it up to his face. “This pink and powder blue goes so well with your eyes. It really makes them pop!” Will was about to protest, but she put up a finger. “We have a 30 day return policy, not for the on sale items,” the latter interjected rapidly and quietly. “If you don’t like it, just bring it back.”

“Fine,” he groaned. It wasn’t expensive and quite frankly he was at the point where he’d do anything to get the young omega off his case. “Card,” he said as she finally began putting his things in a bag.

“I can’t wait until I find an alpha and have children,” she said dreamily. “What’s it like being pregnant?”

“Absolute torture. You’ll throw up until your throat is sore. Everything on your lower body will hurt. And you’ll gain weight you’ll most likely never lose again. Thank you for your help today. Have a nice day.” He picked up the bag and headed out the store, trying to feel guilty about the stunned expression on her face, but found himself grinning instead.

While having had more than enough of maternity clothes, he still needed to buy a present for Hannibal’s aunt. Buying presents was one of the few shopping related activities he actually didn’t mind much. Especially when it was for someone who he cared about, like Murasaki and Robert Lecter. It was only hers left, as his previous gift shopping trip had been cut short due to his feet being in pain.

“Professor Graham!” Will turned quickly towards the voice, and found his stomach hitting Kevin, making him drop the shopping bag on the floor. “I’m so sorry!” Kevin said as he bent over to pick it up. Will tried to stop him and reach down himself, but before he could even mentally prepare himself for the feat of bending over, Kevin had already fetched it for him.

“Thank you,” he said and took it from him.

“Wow, Professor Graham,” Kevin said and reached into the bag and picked up the pink plaid shirt. “I can’t imagine you in clothes this typical omega,” he chuckled lightly. “I think it will look really good on you though,” he was quick to add and put it back.

“Flattery, Kevin, will get you nowhere,” Will said and clenched the bag closed. “Your grade for the semester is already set. I will send an email to everyone tonight saying that it will be online tomorrow at 10 am.”

“I’m not worried about the grade, professor. I’ve done pretty well this semester. Even if the final paper went horribly, I’ll be okay.” Which was true, and he hadn’t even done poorly on the final paper. He was lucky Will had been in his normal fair mood when grading the other day, because he distinctly remembered it was Kevin that used a particularly annoying to read font.

“Well,” Kevin said awkwardly, kicking lightly at the ground with his foot. “I guess I’ll let you go.”

“Sounds good. See you after Christmas.”

Kevin’s eyes widened and his mouth fell slightly agape in surprise. “Oh, you’re really coming back?”

“Yes, sorry to disappoint. So far I’ve only planned to take a leave for a month after the birth.”

“I’m happy, professor. I just assumed you’d want some time with your baby is all. My brother is omega, and when he had his first child he could barely part with her, even for just a minute, for like half a year.”

“The beauty of the world is that we’re all different.”

“I guess. Oh, wait!” Will raised his eyebrow as he waited while Kevin began rummaging through his bags. Just before Will was about to excuse himself for a second time, Kevin brought up a pink box and opened it. “You want a donut? I sometimes wish I was omega, so that I could get pregnant and stuff my face all I wanted.”

“Unfortunately you can’t. Sugar is not good for the baby, and I’m actually not fond of donuts. But thank you very much for offering. Bye, Kevin.”

“Bye, professor.”

Will released a breath of relief as he finally got away, and began walking in whatever direction was different from the one Kevin was walking in. He turned slightly to make sure Kevin was out of sight, and when he was, he relaxed even more, but suddenly felt a pang of need. A need for something he had never wanted before. “Are you fucking kidding me, Julian?” he whispered, seething through his teeth. “You want donuts? I don’t like donuts. Have never liked donuts. We’re not getting donuts.”

He walked a few steps further, but the urge did not subside. A sudden buzzing in pocket finally offered some distraction, and he picked up his phone without checking who it was, as it was either Hannibal or his father anyway. Anyone else had been strictly told to text message rather than call. “Will, where are you?” Hannibal asked, sounding concerned.

“At the mall. Buying a present for Murasaki.” He found himself a safe corner away from the crowd and the cheer and settled there to talk. “Where are you? At home?”

“Yes. A patient cancelled, so I thought I’d have lunch with you. How is the present hunt going?”

Will shrugged, even though Hannibal couldn't see, and rolled his eyes at himself. "I haven't really started yet. You'll be proud by the way, I finally bought some maternity clothes."

"Really?" He sounded incredulous.

"One of the shirts is pink." Hannibal laughed, definitely thinking it was a joke, and Will wasn't going to say against that. Preferably Hannibal wouldn't see that shirt ever. "And Julian is being a brat."

"How so?"

"He wants donuts."

The line was silent for a while. "You hate donuts."

"I know. Why does he want donuts?"

His alpha's warm chuckle relaxed him, and made him feel silly for acting so upset all the same. How Hannibal did that, he would never know. "It's quite normal that pregnancy cravings sometimes make you crave things you previously did not like. At least you are not craving inedible items. So I guess no lunch for us."

"No. Too bad. Should have called ahead."

"To be fair, when was the last time you decided to go shopping on your own?"

Will couldn't quite remember. "I have to go. Love you."

"Love you too."

He hung up and started for a jewelry store that looked expensive, and distracted himself with the quest for a present. Murasaki quite adored butterflies, and he scanned the aisles for one that looked classy rather than childish. "May I help you," a much more somber and refined, borderline haughty, beta man asked.

"Just looking," Will said, having learned his lesson in the previous store. "I'll let you know if I need anything." He turned away from the man, but could still feel his gaze on him. "Was there something else?"

"Yes," he said, expression revealing nothing but distaste. "Please do not try on anything."

Will looked at the man's eyes, staring, trying to determine if he had actually heard correctly. "Sorry?"

"We've had pregnant omegas coming in here, putting on rings and bracelets and being unable to take them off because their fingers are swollen," he said matter-of-factly without barely moving a facial muscle. "Please do not try on anything."

Will eyed a particularly small-sized ring and figured he might be able to force it on his pinky finger. The stoic man raised one eyebrow, nothing else on his face moving, daring him to

even try. “I won’t,” Will said, deciding it wasn’t worth the trouble, and walked towards the back, far away from the beta.

At that point, he hoped he wouldn’t find anything in the store, but after a quick scan, he spotted the perfect gift. A white gold bracelet with delicate flowers and a beautiful ornate butterfly. He started for it, but was stopped by a narrow aisle. He sighed, tiptoed, and pushed his stomach up in order to sneak through, knowing full well the store attendant was glaring at him, daring him to break anything. Jokes on him, because he was married to a Lithuanian count who could probably buy every item in the store without making a dent in his account.

Even up close, the bracelet was perfect, and he picked it up to study it with reverence. He decided against looking at the price, knowing he could afford it regardless. He turned to find the store attendant again, but almost fell backwards into the display when he saw Jeremy at the entrance. His fucking ex. Of course, of all people. What was the man even doing in Baltimore still?

A narrow exit route and limited mobility hindered his escape, and Jeremy spotted him quickly. “Will!” he said, with a very different tone of voice than the last time they met, confusing Will. They hadn’t exactly left the party on bad terms, but what had happened between them hadn’t exactly been settled either, making the friendly tone out of place. “Buying a present for your alpha?” he asked with no resentment in his voice.

It was a few seconds before Will answered, as he wanted to make sure he really was talking to Jeremy and not a clone or android. “My alpha’s aunt, actually,” he said, still suspicious. “What about you?”

Jeremy bit his lip and pulled nervously at his fingers as he spoke. “You were never much for jewelry, but perhaps you can help me,” he said hesitantly. “I want to buy a nice present for Anthony.”

“Anthony? Really? The two of you actually happened?” He had to grin, both because that was kind of unbelievable and because at least this meant Will really was off the hook. “I saw you guys dancing at the party, but I thought maybe it was just because you got rejected.”

“Anthony is the omega for me. I have realized that now.” A loving and nostalgic laugh escaped his lips in a short puff. “Funny, isn’t it, how I used to think it could be no one else but you, and now, after only a few months with Anthony, I can’t even imagine you and me anymore.”

“I guess love does that to you,” Will said. The conversation was just shy of incredibly uncomfortable, and he walked up to the register to pay for the bracelet, Jeremy in toe.

“I’m so happy with him,” he said, still in a daze, like a school boy desperate to talk about his crush with anyone who would listen. “With you there was always so much uncertainty. I was always chasing after you. And I thought the chase was what I wanted, but calling him and knowing he’ll answer and waking up and having him still in bed with me in the morning makes me feel so loved and wanted.”

Even the store attendant was rolling his eyes at the puppy love displayed in front of him, and spoke emotionlessly at Will. “That will be-”

“Credit card.” Will interrupted and held it up, ready to swipe any second.

“I guess this is kind of inappropriate to talk about with you.” Jeremy sighed while absentmindedly running a finger along the counter.

“It’s alright,” Will said, though it was not alright. He paid for the bracelet and accepted the delicate packaging the store attendant definitely spent longer packing than he needed. “Well, I have to get going.”

“Wait!” Will internally cursed as deja vu reminded Julian of his craving for donuts. “Are you sure you can’t help me pick out a gift? You were always so good at it.”

Will sighed, defeated by the desperate eyes pleading for help. He could make some excuse, like that he didn’t know Anthony well enough to give good advice, but from the brief meeting with him, he was already quite certain what he would like. They moved away from the register and walked towards the exit. “Get out of here. He doesn’t want something expensive and fancy. He wants something personal. Maybe something to remind of him a date or of how you met. Something special for the both of you. If you’re drawing a blank, find a bookstore. Get some beautiful or engraved stationery. He’ll love it.”

“Thank you, Will. You just saved me. I would have just bought the most expensive thing I saw and hoped he would have liked it.”

“And he wouldn’t have.”

He stood, hesitating for a moment. Will still wanted to go, but felt obliged to stay for as long as he didn’t say anything. “Will,” he started hesitantly. “Would it be strange if the four of us had dinner some time after Christmas?”

There was no scenario concocted by Will’s mind where that wouldn’t be strange and uncomfortable. Past him would have rejected him immediately, but Hannibal had had a bad influence on him, and he felt obligated to act polite. “Sure. My alpha would be happy to cook dinner.” And despite everything, Anthony had seemed like a genuinely nice omega. Will didn’t mind spending time with him, as long as the alphas could keep sivil.

“Great.” Jeremy pulled out his wallet and handed Will his card. “Call me when you’re able.” Jeremy glanced at something below him, and for a second Will was confused at what, until he realized he was looking in the shopping bag Will was carrying. “That shirt will look cute on you. About time you wore something with color,” he chuckled.

They said their goodbyes, not too awkwardly, and Will started for the mall exit. He had had it with shopping for the day. His feet were starting to ache, his back was already aching, and he wanted to get home before Hannibal went back to the office. Despite all of this, he found himself slowing down to a halt at a store he least expected to catch his interest. It was a baby store, with displays full of colorful toys and baby furniture. Only Hannibal had looked at

baby stuff, as Will didn't really find it interesting. It was all stuff that would be discarded in a year or two anyway. No reason to invest more time and money than absolutely necessary.

Perhaps that was part of his problem. He viewed all of these things as temporary rather than something that would be with him for the rest of his life. Julian certainly wasn't temporary, and a slight surge of anxiety ran through his body at the thought. "Want to look at toys?" he whispered, shaking off any negative thoughts and put on a smile.

Everything in his being said this was a bad idea, realizing he actually wasn't in a state of mind to be in there. But his utter refusal to listen to anybody also counted for himself. If nothing else, he wanting to be somewhere he could get out quickly, and found a shelf of toys close to the exit. He looked at the toys and frowned at the prices for something that would be used for a few months, a year at most, before the baby either grew out of it or grew tired of it. "Is this really fun for you?" he asked Julian quietly and shook a rattle still attached to the cardboard it came in. It didn't make much of a sound, but somehow he expected Julian to respond.

He didn't, but another child did. With a loud, ear piercing shriek that had Will dropping everything he was holding. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" a pregnant frazzled omega woman carrying a baby in her arms while holding a toddler's hand said. Her dry and frizzy hair was tied back in a bun and the purple bags under her eyes matched the shopping bags, she also somehow managed to carry, in size.

"That's okay," Will said, but the woman barely listened to him.

"Why are you crying?" she asked the small toddler, sounding dangerously close to her breaking point. The child mumbled incoherently in response. "You can't have a rattle. You are too old for a rattle!" she told the child, who mumbled more. "You can't!" At this point, the child decided to scream again, and threw itself on the ground. "I'm so sorry, can you hold him a little?" the mother asked and pushed the baby onto Will without waiting for a response. Will held the baby tightly, scared he would drop it, as it began to thrash around in the stranger's arms.

The mother reprimanded the small toddler while Will tried to hold back his upcoming panic attack. He had never even held a small child before, and the little creature in his arms could barely hold still and was pulling at Hannibal's red sweater. Only the fear of dropping and killing the child kept him from swatting at it with his other hand.

"Thank you," the mother said, having calmed the child enough to keep it just sulking while hanging defiantly off her hand. "That's strange. She's usually not this fuzzy about strangers." Will didn't care and only wanted to know why the baby was still in his arms. Rather than take back her baby, the mother patted Will's bulging stomach and chuckled. "About twenty-five weeks?"

"Exactly." He forced a smile.

"I have become an expert by now." She chuckled and rubbed her own bulging belly. "First one?"

“Is it that obvious?”

“Let me get your things,” she said and bent down slowly and awkwardly to pick up his things.

“No! I can get it-” He stopped as he felt something wet on his shoulder, seeping through the fabric of the sweater. Dropping the child earlier didn’t seem like such a stupid idea after all.

“Oh no,” she said as they exchanged the bags for the baby. “Typical that you would vomit on this nice omega.” She sighed and shrugged. “Better get used to it. I don’t own any clothes without vomit on them by now.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.” She let go of her toddler to get a wet wipe she used to wash off the excess throw up, though a clearly visible stain was still lingering. “That’s most of it. Should go off when you wash it. Maybe you should exchange it for one of your new shirts. The pink would looks really cute.”

“I have a jacket. I’m okay.”

She was about to say something else, but he’d had enough and walked away without a goodbye. This was by far one of the shittiest days he’d had for a long time. He found his car in the parking house and sat for a minute, trying not to cry, because he was certainly not about to cry for things that were just an inconvenience if nothing else. And quite frankly, he had cried far too much in these last months. Once the need to sulk and sob had passed, he reversed out of the parking space and headed home.

As he entered the front door and had finished patting Winston who was welcoming him home, he threw off the red sweater to properly inspect the stain. It was still there, very clearly. He was probably more upset about it than Hannibal would be, seeing as it was just Hannibal’s lounging sweater. He rummaged through the bag, thinking if he should wear one of the new shirts, and picked up the pink plaid one. After a long moment of hesitation, and a few deep breaths as if to stop a panic attack, he put it on.

“Will?” Hannibal asked, startling Will, and he was more startled than normal in the compromising position he was in. “What’s with that pink shirt? You look ridiculous.”

“Thank you,” Will said and smiled tenderly. “It was forced upon me,” he explained as he took it off and put it back in the bag. “And I’m sorry. I had to borrow your red sweater because it was the only thing that would fit me, and a baby threw up on it.”

Hannibal walked up to him and wrapped his arms around Will, making sure to also gently cuddle his belly. “It’s just my red sweater. It’s alright.”

“It’s not,” Will said and rubbed up against the alpha. “It’s my favorite of your sweaters.”

Hannibal breathed a chuckle against Will’s neck as he nuzzled him closer. “Why were you holding a baby in the first place?”

“Trust me, it was not voluntary.” Will humphed and pouted. “I should probably get used to holding babies.”

“You probably should. But you will learn. We both will learn. Our parenting classes start just after the holidays.”

Will sighed loudly and closed his eyes as he rested his head on the alpha’s shoulder. “But can a class teach me how to make babies not hate me?”

“Julian will not hate you.”

Will nodded, but doubted it. After everything the little hellspawn had put him through, it didn’t seem like he was its favorite person. Will sniffed the air, suddenly realizing a heavenly scent of baked goods had followed Hannibal into the hallway. “What are you making?” Will asked, and Hannibal grinned.

“I made you donuts.”

“Really? You made me donuts?” Tears started welling in his eyes, and though it did embarrass him, at least this was happy crying. “Thank you.”

“Would you like to try one before I return to the office?” he asked and wiped a tear away.

“Please.”

“You don’t really like donuts,” Hannibal said and smiled amused. “How did this make you happy enough to cry?”

“I’ve had a really shitty day, okay?”

Hannibal hummed disapprovingly as he walked his omega towards the kitchen. “Better make sure the rest of your day is fantastic then.”

Will smiled. “You already made it so much better by hating that shirt,” he said with a chuckle and kissed his alpha’s cheek.

The First Christmas - Week 25

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will wasn't quite sure why he was awake at 7:05 AM on the twenty-fourth of December, a day when he did not have to come in for work and could sleep in if he wanted to, and was going to. Yet, there he was, awake. He couldn't be certain, as obviously there was a lot of things that could factor into him being awake at that point, but it could've had something to do with Hannibal looming over him with his hands pushing on his belly. "The fuck are you doing, Hannibal?" Will grunted and turned to glare at his alpha.

The alpha was already immaculately dressed, which was early even for Hannibal; missing only a tie and a jacket for his outfit to be complete. "You sounded like you were uncomfortable in your sleep," he whispered sweetly, making it difficult to be too angry with him. "I thought Julian might be kicking."

So it was about that. Julian had been kicking for a while, and for the last few weeks, others had been able to feel it as well. Alana and Margot had felt Julian kick. Even little Peter had been able to feel him kick. Then the other day an old lady at the supermarket who had touched Will's belly without his permission had felt him kick. Pretty much everyone they had regular contact with and more had felt it by now, except Hannibal. In some ways, Will felt bad for his alpha. Being able to feel his child in a similar way to Will meant so much to him. In other ways, Will was happy Julian was finally fucking with his alpha parent as well.

"You'll feel him kick soon," Will stretched and turned to his side, grunting at the cracking joints. "And even if you never do, he can't escape you when he's born."

Hannibal sighed and bent over to nuzzle against Will's shoulder. "Just make sure to let me know when he's kicking." The scent of Hannibal's aftershave and heat of his skin did something to Will, and if he wasn't for being half asleep, he would have reached out and pulled him down. Instead Hannibal gave the stomach one last brush with his fingers, and Will's toes curled in delight at the touch, before he stood and walked to the mirror where he started adjusting his outfit, starting with the cuffs.

The sight was quite attractive to Will, and he certainly was not opposed to the idea of a morning quickie, but the beach ball attached to him made the idea less attractive. Made him feel less attractive. It had been a while since the last time they had been intimate, and it hadn't gone beyond some kisses and a handjob. Thinking about it frustrated him, and he decided it was better to look away. "What are you doing up so early anyway?" he asked. He realized his tone turned a little surly because of the frustration, and Hannibal had done nothing to deserve bitchy Will.

It seemed Hannibal decided to ignore it. "I have a lot to do in preparation for tonight," he explained as he went through his ties, trying to decide which one went best with his three-piece black suit and dark purple shirt.

In an attempt to be more polite, Will propped himself up on his arm and looked at Hannibal properly. “I thought we hired that decorator so that you wouldn’t have anything to do besides the cooking?” he said, sincerely curious. He had gone to bed before the decorated had left the night before, as just watching the two meticulous perfectionists had exhausted him.

“I also thought that.” He decided on a black tie with dark gray swirls of flowers and draped it around his neck to tie later. “But as it turns out, while I had planned to spend this morning baking and preparing for the dinner, I now also have to fix the decorator’s mistakes.”

“Wow,” Will said sarcastically. “And here I was thinking he did a good job.” He couldn’t be bothered to pretend being awake anymore and fell unceremoniously back down on the mattress. “We should be serving the decorator for dinner.”

“What makes you think I’m not already?” Will chuckled, then wrapped himself back up in the duvets that had drifted downwards with his movements. He made sure the duvet also covered his eyes, as he still felt temptation for his husband. Logically, he knew Hannibal would still want him, beach ball and all, but the idea of undressing and having him that close was still uncomfortable. “I hope you will help me prepare later.”

That certainly stopped the temptation. What kind of asshole made his pregnant omega get up before ten? “Just let me sleep for a bit longer. I need energy to deal with your perfectionism.”

Will had already settled back on his pillow and closed his eyes in preparation for sleep, but Hannibal’s moment of silence before speaking again had Will peer his eyes open. “You know I want everything to be perfect for aunt Murasaki and Uncle Robert.” Hannibal almost sounded like he was pouting, which Will found both adorable and annoying.

Once again, Will felt himself resorting to a sullen tone, and couldn’t stop himself in time. “I was going to say chill, it’s family, not royalty,” Will mumbled into the pillow. “Then I remembered that your family is royalty. Funny.”

He heard the alpha walk closer and felt the fabric on the bed move as it brushed against the alpha’s leg. “Your father will also be there.”

Will attempted to shrug, but was too tired to make the movement visible through the thick duvet cocooning him. “Our past Christmases consisted of us sitting around a tiny plastic tree without lights while eating pizza. We don’t even give each other presents.”

Hannibal sighed again. “Nevermind then. Only I care.”

It was Will’s chance to be nice and make the mood better, but he knew that would mean closeness and kisses and he wasn’t sure he could handle it. “I’m too sleepy to lie, so yes. Only you care.”

With his eyes closed and face to the pillow, he only heard Hannibal’s insulted puff of breath as he walked out of the room. It would have been fine if Hannibal hadn’t sounded a bit hurt as well. Will twisted restlessly until his guilt couldn’t keep him there anymore. He hurriedly put on some clothes in the cold room and walked downstairs, prepared to apologize to his alpha. However, as he found the man in the living room, he was suddenly very distracted.

As Will had to go to bed early the night before, the last thing he had seen was Hannibal and the decorated arguing about the tree, which had looked like it would succumb any minute to the weight of the excessive and downright tacky decoration the so-called decorator had adorned it with. Hannibal cared far more, but Will also had a sense of aesthetic, and had hated it probably just as much as the alpha. The tree was now beautiful in it's subtlety, with its focal points now being a few elegant silver birds and white baubles. That was the first thing that distracted him, though that distraction was short and pleasant. For a moment he pictured him going up to his alpha, telling him what a beautiful tree he had made, and perhaps gotten lucky on the couch. If only it wasn't for that second distraction.

"What the hell is going on? Did you kill Santa and steal all the presents he had on him?" he asked Hannibal and pointed towards the massive stack of presents the alpha was still adding to. They didn't even fit under the tree, and Will couldn't for the life of him figure out who these presents were from, because Will was sure he had not even met the amount of people required to create such a pile.

"They are from our friends," Hannibal explained, and luckily for him, he also sounded exasperated by the amount, otherwise Will would have thrown a hormone tantrum. "Most were delivered to us yesterday. I am sure we will still receive some more today."

"Why?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Hannibal asked as he walked up to Will and put both hands on each side of his belly. "All well-wishes and gifts for the future Lecter child," he said and chuckled, then kissed Will's nose.

Will needed a moment to let that sink in, but finally managed to shake off the sight and face Hannibal. "They do know he is still a fetus, right?"

"They mean well."

After an overdramatic sigh, Will walked up to the tree and the stack of presents, Hannibal right behind him, and began flicking at the tags to see who they were from. "Komeda of course," Will sighed. "Even Alana and Margot." Written on the tag was "to Julian", and it dawned on him it was the first time he had ever seen his future son's name written down. He got the same sinking feeling he had when he had gone shopping the other day. It made the whole thing very strange and far too real. He awkwardly sat down on the floor, making himself as comfortable as he could leaning against the sofa.

"At least they actually know the name of our child," Hannibal said, kneeling by Will while inspecting the other gifts and frowning at a rather poorly wrapped present. Will looked away to hide his face, that undoubtedly would reveal how he was feeling. He had promised to be honest with Hannibal, also about the bad things, but it was Christmas. Nobody should have to be told those kinds of things at Christmas.

Hannibal put his hand on Will, supporting himself as he sat down properly on the floor, finished with the presents. "I am afraid I let it slip to Komeda that we were expecting an omega boy, and she has taken it upon herself to inform everyone else in our social circle."

Will was aware that Hannibal was looking at him, and took a deep breath to face him. “Something the matter, Will?” Hannibal asked.

Still feeling guilty from before, he decided Hannibal deserved at least an half-honest answer. Will held up the present from Alana and Margot and showed him the tag while trying to hide the expression of dread. “It’s a bit strange to see his name written down.”

Hannibal cocked his eyebrow in query and surprise at him. “Have you never written it down?”

“You have?” Will asked, cocking his eyebrow back, causing Hannibal to roll his eyes.

“Of course. I wanted to see it in writing.”

Pouting, Will put the gift back under the tree and climbed up on the sofa from his position on the floor. “And not a single one of the gifts are for us. They are all for a person that does not exist yet.” Will didn’t care about presents, and Hannibal knew this well, but Will still hoped feigning annoyance about being ignored might trick Hannibal into thinking he wasn’t panicking.

Far more gracefully than Will, Hannibal climbed up on the couch with him and pulled him into a tight embrace. “In a few months he will exist, and he will need things,” Hannibal said and kissed Will’s pouting lips.

Will kept pouting, hoping for one more kiss to make himself feel better, no longer feeling all that aroused despite how close they were. Nothing like a minor panic attack to kill the mood. “Fine. He may have things.” As the pile was more than tall enough for Will to reach from the couch, he leaned out of Hannibal’s grip and reached out to flip through the presents some more. At the top he found one in particular that caught his interested, with tasteful dark brown and gold wrapping paper with matching gold ribbons, looking suspiciously like a Hannibal present. Sure enough. To Julian from Papa. “You bought him a gift?”

Hannibal licked his lips to stall for time, looking a little like he was bracing himself for whatever might come. “I did.”

As he didn’t want to prove Hannibal right by getting annoyed, which he was too tired and mentally exhausted for anyway, he went with sleepy cutesy. “But I didn’t buy him a gift.”

“It’s a bit different with you.” Hannibal clearly was too used to Will’s moods, as he didn’t even flinch at the unexpected response. “You carry him inside of you, you are already connected.” He put his hand on the bump as he spoke. “I just want to be as well, and I decided to attempt this with presents.”

“Buying closeness? That does not bode well for the future.”

He made a soft sound of agreement. “I have to prepare for the dinner. Will you get the rest of the presents out and put them under the tree?”

Will let out a long and over dramatic sigh. “Sure. I will bend and carry heavy objects even though I am certainly not supposed to in my condition. I might not even be able to, what with the guest of honor being in the way.”

“Thank you.” Hannibal kissed him and left him alone in the living-room, along with the beautiful tree and pile of gifts that would make any environmentalist cry at the wasted paper.

He soundlessly tapped the arm of the couch while listening to the sounds from the kitchen and waiting for the motivation to move. “What do you want for Christmas, Julian?” he asked his belly. “Oh that’s right, you cannot speak or communicate, because you are still inside me.” Right on cue, he received a kick in his side, strong enough to make him wince. “He’s kicking!” Will shouted, and a frazzled Hannibal ran in with an apron falling off him as he kneeled in front of Will, practically skidding along the floor, and pushed his hands on his stomach. “He stopped,” Will said and smiled apologetically. “Apparently it was just the one.”

“It’s fine,” Hannibal said as he caught his breath. “Just let me know next time he kicks.” He reluctantly let go and slowly walked back to the kitchen. If nothing else, the sight had put Will in a better mood, and he struggled back up on his feet to get to work.

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The doorbell rang and Hannibal panicked as it might be his precious aunt and uncle arriving early, but as Winston didn’t bark in warning, Will let the alpha know it was just his father. Hannibal suddenly did not mind and returned to his kitchen. Will opened the door for his father, and was happy to see the man groomed and sober, freshly shaven and wearing new clean clothes. Will couldn’t remember seeing his father shaved for years, and the sixty year old man looked decades younger than his old haggard self. “You look great, dad,” Will said and gave his father one of their standard short slightly awkward hugs.

“Thanks. I feel weird,” his father said while staving off Winston’s affectionate licks.

Will laughed and gestured for his old man to come inside. “What’s that?” he asked as he noticed the rather full plastic bag he was carrying.

“Just a present.” Bill shrugged.

“Present?” Will asked surprised. “Since when do we give each other presents?” He tried to take the bag from his father as a polite host would, and not as a curious son would, but it was quickly pulled away from him.

“Not for you. For him!” he said and pointed at Will’s belly. “Why would I give you a present? You’re a grown man with a job. Buy your own things.” He headed for the living room but stopped at the sight of the tree. “What’s with all these presents? How many people are coming?”

He put an understanding hand on his father’s shoulder. “Don’t worry. It’s only the regular crowd. These are from Hannibal’s socialite friends,” he tried to say without too much disdain in his voice, because he truly did like one, maybe even two of them. “And they are all for Julian,” Will explained with an exasperated sigh. Once his father was settled, he took

Winston by the collar and put him in his crate, not wanting him excitedly greeting the no doubt beautifully and expensively dressed in-laws. He still kept him in the living-room though, because he didn't want to spend Christmas without every member of his family.

"Do they know he's not born yet?" Bill asked as he kicked lightly at a particularly large present at the bottom of the pile.

"You also brought him a present!" Will told him, and he shrugged.

"I'm his grandfather. It's different."

Will rested one hand on his hip and the other on his belly as he watched the christmassy mountain that had formed in their living-room. "At least I won't have to go shopping for baby stuff for another… I don't know. Five years."

"We did not have this much crap when you were born." His father huffed. "If you have a bed and diapers, the baby doesn't need anything else."

"Somehow I think it was mom that shopped for me." Will chuckled and sat while watching his father attempt to find a spot for Julian's gifts. "Was mom excited about me being born?"

"More panicked," he said immediately, no need to think. "We had no money or place to stay." He sat down with Will and smiled warmly at his son. "But she was excited. You're still worried?"

"Less worried than before… I think. Or more worried. Depends what time you ask me."

"You'll be a great parent. Not sure about your alpha, but you will be a great parent. You always took such good care of all those pets. Stayed up with them all night and cleaned up after all their shit. It's exactly the same with a kid."

"Can't argue with parenting advice like that."

Will groaned with discomfort as Julian kicked, and his father's protective mode kicked in instantly, though the bulky alpha looked more ready to tackle a bear than care for a pregnant omega. Would probably find that easier too, Will thought. "Are you okay? Is he okay?" Bill asked.

"He's kicking. You can feel if you want to."

His father looked hesitant for a moment, then put a careful hand on Will's belly. As it was in the completely wrong spot, Will moved it to the side where the source of discomfort came from. "Wow, he's really in there."

"Yes. I realize it's hard to tell just from this giant ball my stomach has become, but yes, he's really in there." His father gave him a light smack on the back of his head with his free hand when Hannibal walked in. "Hannibal! He's kicking!" Will said and Hannibal once again jumped to his side to feel, pushing Bill's hand out of the way to do so.

“Seems he stopped,” Bill said. “It was nice being able to feel him kick. Makes me feel closer to him.”

Hannibal took a deep, infuriated breath and nodded. “I am sure it does,” he said and sighed. “Did you hear from Murasaki and Robert?”

“No. It’s still a bit early for them to be here. Their plane only landed an hour ago, and I’m sure Murasaki brought a lot of luggage.” Hannibal sat down next to Will, making sure Will was between him and Bill, hand still firmly planted on his belly. “It’s cute how you’re so nervous about your aunt and uncle coming,” Will cooed and kissed Hannibal’s cheek, ignoring his father who pointedly looked the other way as the cuddles started.

“I’m not nervous,” Hannibal pouted childishly, but smiled at Will’s cooing. “And everything is ready now. The roast just needs to rest for another fifteen minutes before I cut it.”

“No turkey this year?” Bill wondered.

“Too cliché,” Hannibal explained. “And one can only do so much with traditional American stuffing.” By his tone, it seemed he wanted to throw everything called American out the window. “I figured a nice roast would be better.”

“I don’t disagree,” Bill said.

Hannibal was about to say something else, something that would result in another alpha pissing contest, Will was sure, but the doorbell interrupted them. Hannibal shot out of the sofa and hurried as refined as he mustered towards the front door.

“Excuse me dad,” Will said. “I have to greet the in-laws.” Bill helped him up, which Will wanted to claim was unnecessary, but made the process a lot easier nevertheless. Hannibal was excitedly greeting his aunt and uncle at the door when Will finally reached, and before he could even speak a word he was caught in a tight embrace. “Will, good to see you my dear,” Robert exclaimed, then put Will down to inspect the belly. “Look at you. Too many of Hannibal’s dinners?” he joked and patted it.

Robert had grown more relaxed with his partial retirement five years ago, at the age of sixty-seven. Before, Will had always felt uncomfortable around the stern man who was always yelling on the phone with someone or other, but as it turned out, when no one bothered him at work, he was a bubbly man full of laughter under the tough exterior. He looked a little like an older Hannibal, but his face was softer, as the cheekbones were from his mother’s side of the family.

“Stop that!” Murasaki said and slapped his hands away. “Do not touch a pregnant omega’s stomach as you please. That is rude.” The elegant older woman, dressed in a simple but beautifully decorated kimono, gasped in annoyance before she smiled and gave Will a gentle hug. “You look beautiful,” she said. “No fat on your face. Most omegas bloat like you wouldn’t believe.”

Murasaki had always been the same. Will hadn’t known what to do with himself the first time they met, and to this day was unsure if she was joking or completely serious. He suspected

both at once. “Your nephew does his best to fatten me up, but I manage somehow,” he told her, and she turned to her nephew with glaring eyes.

“Hannibal, don’t overfeed your mate. Just because he’s pregnant doesn’t mean he has to be fat,” she reprimanded and put her arm around Will. “Let’s leave these two to put away the luggage.” She opened one of their expensive leather suitcases, arm still hooked around Will, and got out a large, thick paper bag filled with beautifully wrapped presents before walking Will into the living-room. “Robert bought the baby a present. I told him not to. This is the last Christmas where everything is not about him.” She put a finger on Will’s belly and shook her head as if she was more familiar and annoyed with the situation than Will was. “You should treasure that for now.”

She ignored Bill completely as she headed straight for the tree, looking unsurprised by the amount of presents, and carefully placed hers on top of the rest. “Bill, nice to meet you again,” she said, surprising both Grahams, as she walked up to him and shook his hand.

“Same,” Bill said, smiling politely. “I hope your flight wasn’t too bad.”

“Children crying, bad food and stuffy air, but we traveled first class, so we did not notice any of that,” she deadpanned. “Our flight was good.”

“I keep forgetting how much I like you, Murasaki,” Bill said, grinning, and gestured for her to sit next to him, which she accepted with a graceful bow. He wrapped her hand gently in his and leaned in close. “Why don’t you move to this side of the Atlantic. It would be nice to have you around more often.”

“Dad, don’t flirt with the woman who is practically my mother in law!” Will groaned as sat in the chair across from them, holding his stomach to make the act easier.

“Don’t worry, Will,” Murasaki said. “Your father has a rustic charm that I like.”

“You hear that, Will? I have rustic charm.”

“That’s only a compliment when you’re a cottage.”

Bill looked indifferent. “I’ll still take it.”

“And actually,” Murasaki started. “Your father’s suggestion is not too far off.”

“Oh? How so?”

She nodded towards the approaching alphas, who entered the room carrying even a few more presents. “What are we talking about?” Hannibal asked, looking justifiably suspicious at his two guests sitting in his sofa. He sat on the arm of the chair next to Will, supporting his weight on his legs, and put his arm around his omega.

“Only that it seems I might have a new husband soon.” Murasaki grinned and squeezed Bill’s arm.

“I didn’t know about this,” Robert said as he finished unloading the gifts. “I will have the divorce papers ready by new-years.”

“I’ll take the house, you may have the cars and that dreadful cottage in the Alps.”

“Deal. I can finally use it now that we’re through.” Robert sat down in the chair next to Will and Hannibal, and smiled, pleased with himself.

Will felt Hannibal tense and stroked the alpha’s thigh to soothe him. “Don’t make those kinds of jokes at Christmas,” Hannibal groaned. “Will, please help me with the roast, then we may eat.”

“Sure.” Will hooked his arm on his alpha and allowed himself to be lifted out of the chair.

“Stop that!” Murasaki exclaimed and pointed a commanding finger at her nephew. “Hannibal, your omega is busy creating life. Don’t make him do anything.” She turned the finger towards Will, where it softened into a lecturing point. “Will, Hannibal is your slave now. Treat him as such.”

“I don’t mind helping with the dinner,” Will said. “I’ll come get you when it’s ready.” Hannibal hurried him out of the room, probably hoping he would not start listening to his aunt, as quite frankly, Will already took far too much advantage of the pregnancy situation. The food had the whole kitchen smelling divine, and Will inhaled heavily through his nose each time he had to take a breath.

Before dealing with the food, Hannibal took his jacket off and carefully rolled up his sleeves, effectively sending shivers down Will’s spine. “Their sense of humor certainly has not dwindled with age,” Hannibal sighed while inspecting his knife.

“Murasaki is not too much older than you, to be fair,” Will commented absentmindedly. Why was he so attracted to Hannibal’s arms? Since when did he have an arm fetish? And all he did was wash them, making them smooth with soap before rinsing it off. Everything from the thick veins to the hair was making his face heat up. “He’s kicking,” he said, despite the creature in his stomach being completely still for a change. Hannibal’s hands were on him in a second. “Oops, he wasn’t. My mistake.” He grinned as Hannibal looked questioningly at him.

“Are you just making fun of me?”

“No… I was just feeling like… maybe… I’d like you to touch me… a bit…” He blushed at Hannibal’s warm chuckle and downwards moving hands.

“I believe later this evening would be a better time.”

“Tease!” Will pouted. “You’re right, I guess. We should wait. Anyone could walk in on us now.” Will cocked his head, allowing Hannibal to scent his neck, and let a gentle hand brush against Hannibal’s freshly shaven cheek. “Normally that would be sexy, but not so much when they are relatives.”

With a parting kiss to Will's jaw and a lecturing stare, Hannibal walked away from his omega and continued working. "Please get the sake and stop tempting me," Hannibal said sternly, and Will obeyed as Hannibal's seductive smile promised more was to come.

They seated the guests, Murasaki and Robert on one side, Will and his father on the other, and Hannibal at the head of the table, for easy access to the kitchen. Will poured sake for Murasaki and Robert while Hannibal served the food. Hannibal had outdone himself with the table, candlelit with white and silver decor while the food created splashes of color, because of course Hannibal made sure the food worked with the table. Will was fairly certain Hannibal had chosen sake because the clear liquid worked better for the aesthetics than wine would.

"Dad," Will whispered as he hunched over next to his father. "Hannibal wants to serve you sake, but how about we do like we normally do, and I get you some scotch and you let me smell it?" Hannibal's glare was immediately upon him, and he smiled apologetically at the alpha who was closer than Will thought.

"Actually, if I could just have some water, that would be fine," Bill said. Will put the sake down and sat on his chair by his father. "I don't want to make a big deal about it," Bill whispered, sounding annoyed but putting on a smile.

"What's going on?" Robert asked.

Bill straightened his back, but kept his eyes down on his hands folded on the table in front of him. "After the conversation we had before, and with my grandson being born and all, I think it's time I stop drinking again."

That had taken the air from him for a moment. They had not spoken about this, not that they would, because for either of them to talk, large quantities of whiskey had to have been consumed first. "Dad, really?" Will asked and lowered his head to meet his father's lowered gaze.

Bill nodded and with some hesitation, met his son's eyes. "I did it for you back in the day, I'm sure I can do it again." He suddenly flicked Will's ear, and the unanticipated action had Will almost falling of the chair in surprise. "You looked too happy about it," was his father's explanation. "I'm only ten days sober, so don't go celebrating anything."

"I won't. It means a lot though." He gave his father's hand a reassuring squeeze. More wasn't needed between them.

"Should we give up our drinks out of sober solidarity?" Murasaki asked while swirling the sake around the glass as if it was wine.

"Please don't," Bill said and raised his empty glass to accept lemon ice water from Hannibal, which was then poured into Will's glass as well. "I have never cared for sake or wine. I'd only be tempted if I had whiskey in front of me. Enjoy yourselves."

Will watched his mate as he sat down at the head of the table, expecting him to look relieved they could keep their sake, which he had spent a good week deciding on. Instead he looked

back at Will with a knowing expression, a little playful as he knew what Will expected of him, but mostly compassionate. “At least I’ll be sober with you,” Will said, still glancing Hannibal’s way while he and his father clanked their glasses together.

“While we’re at it, we might as well announce our news,” Murasaki said and looked to Robert, who for a short moment was utterly confused, before he realized what she was talking about.

“Right.” He clasped his hands together and smiled happily, getting the attention of both Will and Hannibal. “As we discussed before, Hannibal, I am retiring completely from January onwards.” He paused for a painfully long few seconds before he continued. “And as Murasaki really wants to spend more time-”

“We’re buying a house in Baltimore,” Murasaki interrupted, and Robert nodded in confirmation, unfazed. “On the other side of the city. I don’t want to be within walking distance.”

“Murasaki, Robert, that’s great,” Hannibal beamed. “I’m so glad you will be part of our son’s life.” Will supposed they would be now. Might even have been one of the reasons why they decided to move closer to them. Julian was in all practicality their grandchild, and they would want to spend time with him.

A nudge in his side made him turn towards his father. “What’s the matter?” Bill asked quietly.

Will shrugged. “Nothing. I don’t know.” Bill arched his brow in disbelief, and Will took a deep breath before he spoke again quietly. The three others were already discussing where they were living and who they should hire to renovate their house, and did not pay attention to the two Grahams. “The baby seemed so far away, but it’s getting close.”

Bill nodded. “Another three months.”

“I’m nervous.” Which was the understatement of the year. He was absolutely petrified. “But I’m fine. I’m happy.” Technically, in comparison to many others who had it worse. His father smiled and patted him on the shoulder, and while it would seem he was too preoccupied with longing for the food on his plate to care, the hand never moved from his shoulder. Will was clearly more transparent than he’d like.

###

“I love your present,” Murasaki told Will as she admired the bracelet. She held the box in her hand while sitting kneeling in front of the tree, the kimono draped around her down to her feet. “Why didn’t you buy me something this nice, Robert? I don’t like your present. You shall consult Will next time.”

“Thank you, Will,” Robert sighed at the young omega, and Will smiled apologetically.

While Will had made himself comfortable on the sofa with his dad, Hannibal had taken it upon himself to unwrap and sort the presents while seated on the floor. After opening a matte

yellow mobile, the alpha looked towards the still boxed crib and the lamp and the toys, and folded his arms. “She organized this,” he half-growled, before turning around to face Will. “Komeda knew I wasn’t going to buy anything for the nursery until after Christmas and made everyone buy matching furniture for the room.”

“Don’t be paranoid,” Will said. “Yellow is a common omega-”

“She did,” Murasaki interjected. “She fell in love with that crib and wanted to make sure the rest of the room matched it. I also found the crib beautiful, and agreed with her demands.” She found the gift she had initially claimed to have nothing to do with and unwrapped it for Hannibal, revealing a matching yellow toy basket. “The color is called yellow magnolia. I like it.”

There was a long moment of hesitation before Hannibal took the present from her, still scowling. “You haven’t even met her. What do you have to say about this, Will?” Hannibal asked him and scooted towards him along the couch, still on the floor.

“Yellow magnolia it is,” Will said and Hannibal pouted. “It’s only for a few years, then he will decide the color of his room on his own,” he elaborated.

“We haven’t even decided which of the guestrooms we will turn into a nursery,” Hannibal said grumpily.

“Can’t do anything about that tonight,” Will said, as both rooms were occupied. “And it just so happens that I like yellow magnolia.”

Hannibal huffed, but gave in and kissed Will’s hand lightly. “Bill, what was your gift?” Hannibal asked as he brought it out from under the tree. It was large and hastily wrapped, and soft like a stuffed animal as Will took it from Hannibal.

“Whoever your friend was did not contact me, so it won’t match the room,” he said, with only slight condescension in his voice. “It’s just something I thought Will and Julian might appreciate.” He looked bashful as Will began to open it, and looked the other way.

Will involuntarily gasped out loud as he saw what was inside. The dark brown bear was slightly worn around the ears and fur, but otherwise in good shape and smelled of soap rather than the expected scent of dogs. Hannibal frowned at the gift at first, but clearly saw that it was something important for Will, and managed to hide it. “It looks just like Ursa,” Will said.

“It is not Ursa?” Hannibal asked.

“No. Ursa was my first stuffed animal. My mom bought it for me a few days before I was born.” And as they did not have money to spare, it was one of Will’s few toys, and he had treasured it almost as much as his dogs. “The place we lived in then burned down, and Ursa was destroyed.”

“He was heartbroken,” Bill added. “And I tried to get him a new Ursa, but I could never find it. Then about a month ago I was in a second hand store getting some things and I saw it. I thought you might like it.”

“I love it.”

“We can take it to a teddy bear repair shop and have it fixed up all new for Julian,” Hannibal said, and while Will felt the worn appearance was part of the charm, he agreed. A teddy bear should be worn down by the love of the child who currently owned it.

It wasn’t long after the gifts were all unwrapped that Will had to say goodnight and retire to the bedroom. He’d like to stay with them and enjoy the night some more, but the hellspawn demanded rest. Will had finished getting ready, wearing pajama bottoms and a t-shirt, and was sitting by the desk when Hannibal entered the room. He removed his jacket and hung it on the chair before approaching his omega. “Hi,” Will said and Hannibal wrapped his arms around him, watching the omega put a ribbon around the nearly finished present.

“A little late to be wrapping Christmas presents,” Hannibal said.

“Look at the wrapping,” Will said and pointed at the plain silky blue paper. “This is not a Christmas present. It’s a birthday present.”

Hannibal breathed a chuckle against his neck. “Who is it for?”

“Julian. He may have it when he’s born like the rest of us.”

“What is it?” Hannibal reached out a hand to touch it, but Will slapped it away.

“No peeking! It’s not for you!” He had finished the ribbon and pulled the whole present against his chest to keep it away from the alpha. “I am putting this away for now. You can see it when Julian sees it.” He got up and walked to the closet to hide it away behind the linen. Out of sight, out of mind, or so he hoped. He closed the door and leaned against it as Hannibal sauntered up to him. “Today has been a weird day emotionally for me,” Will admitted, and Hannibal immediately got concerned.

“How so?” He took his hand before gently bringing their foreheads together, and for a moment they stayed like that in silence, feeling the air of each other’s breath on their faces and heat of the other’s body.

“One moment I’m panicking about how close it is, because everything keeps reminding me of it. The gift tags, the presents, your aunt and uncle moving here… it all makes it too real.”

“And the next moment?” Hannibal ushered nervously.

“I’ve been really, really, horny.”

It took a moment before Hannibal managed to react, but when he did, Will found himself being led towards the bed and softly laid down on his back. “That, at the very least, I can do something about,” Hannibal spoke softly, his warm moist breath hitting Will directly in the ear. It sent a surge of warmth and arousal through him. Hannibal knew better than to draw attention to the belly, and ran his hands down Will’s side down to his hips.

As much as he enjoyed the warm hands making their way beneath his pajama bottoms and boxers, rubbing his skin gently while lips marked his neck, Will was in no mood for foreplay.

He pulled down his own bottoms, leaving the t-shirt on as Will tended to do these days. Hannibal had gotten used to it, though he would frequently tug at his shirts say he missed seeing Will completely bare.

Will's leg spread and winded around Hannibal to force him closer, to feel the unfortunately still clothed bulge press against his cock and hole. To know he still made Hannibal hard brought some confidence back to him, but he realized it had been as long for Hannibal as it had been for him. His cock was undoubtedly aching as much as his own. "Just put it in already," Will breathed and started pulling at Hannibal's belt with one hand while holding him down by his tie with the other.

"Impatient." Hannibal whispered between languid kisses and nips at Will's neck. "I am tempted to keep you waiting when you act like this."

"Don't you dare." Will grabbed hold of Hannibal's cock and pulled it out unceremoniously and unromantically. His arousal had been so up and down all day, it was vital that this got done before it was lost again. He was already dripping wet and moved to his side with Hannibal straddled on top of him for easy access. Hannibal still seemed intent on teasing and frustrating him, which he had never not enjoyed before, but time was of the essence.

He stroked the alpha into a stronger erection and moved himself onto it, enveloping the cock with his hole and tightening around it to feel the fullness. Hannibal growled with pleasure as he thrust hard inside him, causing a ripple effect from the bottom of Will's spine through his chest, making him moan high pitched. The latter part if which he managed to muffle by the pillow, but he would not be surprised if his guests had heard it. Hannibal's moving inside him distracted enough to forget all about them within seconds.

It quickly turned frantic, and Will gasped and nearly screamed into the pillow he held up against his face as he was pounded hard into the mattress. Hannibal held up Will's leg and straddled the other for easier access to his hole and laid on top of his side to reach his neck. He bit down as if they were in heat, drawing blood and pleasure, all the while Will's cock was caught between his own stomach and Hannibal's thigh.

Will suddenly felt his hole tighten, or so he thought for a moment before he realized it was Hannibal expanding inside of him, locking them together as Hannibal orgasmed. As the warm seed spread inside him he came hard enough to lose the ability to breathe and his eyes rolled back. Pleasure spasmed inside him, milking Hannibal for over half a minute, by far the longest orgasm he could remember having. When it passed, his body collapsed completely, unable to move, and he was happy he was already lying down.

"So I had a pregnancy heat," Will mumbled, his mouth not completely able to follow his thoughts.

"You did. That was nice."

"I thought it was just a myth. To make pregnancy more alluring." He closed his eyes, overcome by a need to sleep after the exhausting sex. He had heard how amazing the pregnancy heats were, caused by hormones going crazy. The passion and long orgasms without the clouded mind and drunkenness of real heats.

“Wow,” Hannibal suddenly whispered. It took Will a second to register exactly where the alpha was, having now laid down behind him while the knot deflated, and having his hands on his belly. “Julian is kicking,” he elaborated. “We must have disturbed him.”

Will tried to make himself smile, to pretend the pleasant calmness he had just been feeling hadn’t vanished completely. He took Hannibal’s hand and moved it to where he himself felt the kicks the strongest, and felt Hannibal’s toothy grin on his skin behind him. It was then he realized their last Christmas together had already passed, and he closed his eyes again to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

You guys should be really pissed at me for not publishing this sooner, because it's been on my computer for a week with only 1 page left to edit. I am scared to say (write) this out loud, because I am fairly certain it's not going to happen, but as my master thesis writing starts in September, I want to finish this and the antithesis in August. Like I said, it's not going to happen, but I'm going to try.

How Daddy met Papa

Chapter Notes

> Hey, so it's been close to a year. That's something. While there are several reasons, a major one being my studies (that I have finished!!!) draining me of all creativity and energy, it's primarily been that in this year I've sort of lost that obsession with the show that is required when writing fanfiction. This saddens me, because I still love the show and think it's one of the best TV shows ever made. However, this fic in particular was driven mostly by inspiration which I've lost. Because of this, I'm doing a time skip and cutting it a bit short FOR NOW! I may add chapters later, as they are all more or less standalone. But for now I want to finish this. If you are a fan of The Antithesis, it will be fully completed due to its plot-y-ness. The next chapter of that fic will be up on either Friday evening or Saturday morning, European time. My Tumblr is @spklvr.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

September and his first month of teaching was coming to a close. As he entered the university building, he could finally release his tight grip on his jacket and untie the scarf. “Global warming my ass,” he mumbled as he walked towards his office, blowing feeling back into his fingers with hot air. Beverly was already inside their shared office. He had grown quite fond of the beta in the month they had worked together, but as she sniffed the air and he realized he had forgotten to put anything scent blocking on, he wasn’t sure their relationship had progressed to the stage where he could be open enough with her to explain himself.

“So…” Beverly began, grinning playfully. “Somebody got some last night.” Will sighed and rummaged through his drawer, happy that he had left some cologne the other day and never gotten around to bringing it back home with him.

“Yeah, you know…”

“I didn’t realize you were dating somebody.” She sniffed the air again. “A beta, right?” Will hummed in agreement, splashed some cologne on and sat down by his desk, and pretended to be very busy looking at a blank sheet of paper. “How long you been seeing this person?”

Will wasn’t quite sure how to answer. If he told her he was in a relationship, she would wonder why he never smelled of them again, because he certainly was not about to see that beta any time soon. He’d have to come up with some story of why they broke up, which was far too much trouble. That left having to tell her that he enjoyed the occasional, at times rather frequent, casual encounter with betas he met at bars or through dating apps. Either one could prove troublesome in its own way.

“It was just a one time thing actually,” he said, hoping he had made the right decision.

The happy grin on her face made him unsure if he had. “My oh my, aren’t you a dirty little Graham cracker,” she joked, intentionally making Will cringe. “But one night stands… are you sure you’re omega? That’s beta behavior.”

“Unfortunately, I am omega.” He looked up from the blank sheet of paper to see she had rolled her chair closer. She was looking at him as if she expected him to keep talking, with wide expecting eyes and lips in a tight smile. “Was there anything else?”

“Maybe we could go out together next weekend. Get to know each other better. Go on the prowl together.”

Will couldn’t hold back the chuckle. “Go on the prowl? Have you not heard of Tinder?”

“Tinder is too slow. When I want action, I want it immediately. No swiping through fugly pretentious assholes to get to the nice ones.”

“Instead drink until they aren’t that fugly anymore?”

She grin got wider. “Exactly. We’ll find you a nice alpha this time. Why would you even sleep with a beta? My other omega friends tell me it’s like being stung by a mosquito in comparison,” she said and poked his chin lightly in demonstration.

“That’s either an exaggeration, or your omega friends have been very unfortunate. It just so happens that I don’t sleep with alphas.”

“Why not?” she asked, her face in a confused frown.

“Too clingy and needy. You suck their dick once and they are in love…” Bev was positively beaming as she listened. Apparently he had found himself a fellow slut, as much as he hated that term. Of course it was more accepted, almost expected, from betas. However, an accepting friend was not unwanted regardless.

“I heard the same for omegas, but I suppose you are different. Or everyone else is following social norms without questions.”

“I’ve studied too much psychology and anthropology to be blind to the mass manipulation on the individual from the masses.” The door to their office suddenly slammed open. Crawford entered, looking stern, though his expression was a poor way to assess the man’s moods.

“Graham, I need you in my office,” he said and closed the door.

The two sat there shell shocked for a second, before Bev sang, “Somebody is in trouble!”

“You don’t know that!” Will gathered the material he would need before class and started to head out.

“Remember, we are going out this weekend!”

“Sure. Sure.” Will waved her off as he closed the door behind him.

Crawford's office was at the end of the corridor. For reasons unbeknownst to himself, he was walking quite quickly towards it. A smart man would walk quite quickly the other way if Crawford truly was angry. With the great hesitation of a small child about to enter a principal's office, Will opened the door and peered inside. There sat a man sat in front of Crawford's desk, a cup of coffee left forgotten in his hand as he spoke with the head of the department. The conversation stopped as he entered, and Jack motioned for him to sit as well, his mood improved in front of the guest.

"Will, this is Dr. Hannibal Lecter," Jack explained, and the man in mention reached out a hand for Will to shake.

"Good morning, Professor Graham." Dr. Lecter was a handsome alpha, with a thick accent, impeccably dressed, and carried himself as if he was royalty. Everything from the three-piece suit to his socks was expensive enough to make Will's wallet hurt just from the close proximity. And for some reason, the thought popped into his head that his father would absolutely hate this alpha. Not that they would ever meet.

"Dr. Lecter," Will replied politely, shook his hand, and sat down on the chair. He knew about Dr. Lecter, had been enthusiastic even when Jack had told them he was guest lecturing. The man appeared to be interesting, at least in his writings. "I can't wait to hear your lecture on social exclusion. I've read a lot of your work."

"Likewise," he said with a polite smile. "You have used some of my work as well. I have read your studies on alpha and omega behaviour-"

A loud, piercing cough from Jack startled them both into silence. "Dr. Lecter, you should head for your lecture. Professor Graham, I was hoping you could bring him there? Room 344."

Will nodded. "Of course. Come with me, Dr. Lecter."

"Please," he began as he stood and unnecessarily assisted Will out of the chair with a gentle hand on his arm. "Call me Hannibal."

On the way to the room, Hannibal gave a quick review of what he was to talk about, and Will spoke briefly of the students and his disdain for quite a few of them. As they entered the room, he was happy to see a lot of the university's students had come, not just his own. Will found himself on the front row with some of the other teachers, though he looked longingly at the back row where he belonged.

As interesting as Dr. Lecter's topic was, Will had read all of what he had spoken of before, in great detail. Surprisingly, as he was an alpha, it seemed Dr. Lecter had shared some of his thinking in regards to alpha and omega behavior. Walking into that office and smelling that alpha scent had therefore surprised Will. Alphas tended to disagree strongly with his research, despite the overwhelming evidence to prove his theories.

While the alpha spoke, Will found himself analyzing him instead. He was confident, bordering arrogant and narcissistic. Good at capturing the audience though. Even the students that Will had to threaten with a lower grade if they didn't show were paying attention.

Something about this man demanded it; thrived on it. Appearance-wise, he really was Will's type, which had worried him at first. He didn't feel like breaking his no-alpha rule. But now, what with the rather undesirable personality traits showing, there was no way he was going to.

The lecture ended to great applause, from Will as well. Dr. Hannibal Lecter might be an arrogant asshole, but Will wasn't so petty he wouldn't give credit where credit was due. He had done good work. While the alpha politely accepted each outreached hand from the teachers and questions from students brave enough to approach him, Will couldn't help but notice the man's eyes on him, and without warning, the alpha approached.

"Will," he said, his voice soft, accent thick and smile seductive. "I would very much enjoy your company for dinner tonight. If that's not too much to ask."

After a slight internal struggle, Will managed to put on a smile that didn't feel too awkward. "Sorry. It's nothing about you, but I don't date alphas."

The alpha chuckled. "I apologize that I gave you the wrong idea. Although I find you very beautiful, my intentions are not romantic; rather intellectual. I would love to speak with you about your research."

"Oh." Will blushed slightly from embarrassment. "Yeah, sure. I would like that."

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The waiter poured Will a glass of wine while praising it gleefully, and Will was absolutely certain it would taste just like red wine, like all red wines did. Hannibal listened carefully and seemed to take great interest in how its oaky flavor would go great with the beef they were to have soon. As the waiter left, Will chuckled.

"Not much for wine?" Hannibal asked with a smirk.

"More of a whiskey person," Will explained. "But wine is fine." He took a sip and found that, to absolutely no surprise, that he could not distinguish it from any 3 dollar boxed wine he had ever tasted. "I just do not have the refined pallet required."

Hannibal let the wine swirl around the glass for a moment and took in the scent before tasting it. "To be fair, this tastes like boxed wine," he sighed disappointed.

Will covered his mouth to keep the wine from spilling as he laughed quietly. "Maybe my tastes are more refined than I thought," Will said, smiling sheepishly.

"How did you acquire a taste for whiskey?" Hannibal asked. His smile had turned from a smirk to something genuine, which caught Will off guard. He was forced to compose himself all over again.

"My father. He was a whiskey man. There was never any beer or wine in our house. Only proper alcohol." Will tried to laugh it off, worried about the look of pity he might receive if

he correctly interpreted it as his father having alcohol problems. While he seemed to understand the subtext, there was no pity, rather a look of understanding.

“And what inspired you to do your research into alpha and omega primal instincts?” If he was a good psychiatrist, Will suspected he actually wanted to go a bit deeper into his childhood, but by the pointed change of topic, realized it was too soon.

“I think I was my own inspiration when it came to that. When looking at the research already done on the subject, I didn’t see myself in it. Nor did I see anyone else. It was incredibly old and biased, putting omegas in a rather pathetic position and alphas as the superiors.”

“And then you come along and your research proved otherwise?”

Will nodded. “They didn’t like that.”

“You proved them to be less capable and equipped for our modern way of living.”

“You don’t include yourself?”

He shrugged. “Because I am one of the few alphas that do agree with you.” He took another sip of his wine, and for a second looked thoughtful and unsure how to phrase himself. “Alphas have a high level of testosterone which makes them aggressive and impulsive by nature. In the days of old when that kind of temper was needed, alphas were the natural leaders. In this day and age, however, that same temper is a liability, yet we continue to put alphas in important positions. Positions which allow them to create laws that states it’s fine to rape an unsupervised omega in heat. I disagree with that kind of behavior and prefer to think I have evolved past that primitive way of thinking.”

Their food arrived, smelling divine, and they both inhaled deeply in unison. While Will kept his focus on the meat in front of him, Hannibal’s eyes never wavered from Will. “I am glad you agree,” Will said. “I was pretty much shut down after I began to prove that omegas and betas are better equipped for leadership positions.”

Hannibal cut the meat while barely looking at it, and took a tentative bite from the piece on his fork. The meat seemed to rest on his tongue for several long seconds before he nodded shortly in approval. “I suppose someone would also argue that you might hold some resentment for alphas, and therefore your research could not be trusted.”

“Why would they say something like that?”

“Your mate is a beta, correct.”

Will shuddered a bit at the idea Hannibal could smell through his scent blocking cologne. “I don’t have a mate.” He should probably have lied and said yes, but he was tempted to know how this alpha would react. If he was really as evolved as he claimed to be.

“I see.” Will cursed under his breath. Although the signs were mild to say the least, only a slight dilation of the pupils, it seemed instead he had become more interested in him, which

was certainly not his intentions. “Then who is it that I smell on you?” he asked, purposely pushing.

“Someone generic. John I think,” Will answered honestly, pushing back. “I don’t pay much attention to their names anymore.”

Hannibal smirked as he paused to take another bite of his dinner. “I do hope you will be able to continue your research,” Hannibal said, suddenly changing the subject, or perhaps not.

“In proving you inept?”

He chuckled. “It doesn’t really affect me,” he said nonchalantly, all of a sudden more concerned with his food than with Will. “I would say I am already following your recommendations, am I not?” Will blinked, and suddenly found himself staring directly into the dark eyes of the alpha, that were questioning and daring, yet with a strange fondness. As soon as he found himself staring, he looked away, but he had already seen too much.

“Yeah, I suppose you are,” he said hesitantly.

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At first, Will had feared the dinner would be long and painful, but alas it ended too quickly. An alpha that was interesting, it was almost unheard of, and Will wanted to know him better. While walking out of the restaurant, Will’s eyes darted desperately up and down the street, looking for something that could keep him longer, and spotted a pub across the street. “Hannibal,” he said as the alpha fumbled for his car keys. “Since you paid for dinner, why don’t I buy you a few drinks? We can share a taxi home.”

“Sure. Why not.”

Drink One

The pub was nice, considering the neighborhood they were in, but still clearly more downscale than Hannibal seemed to fit into. There was no visible signs that the slightly shabby upholstery or cheap drinks were going to deter him from enjoying himself. That smug asshole always looked quite pleased regardless of the situation it seemed. Will ordered a bottle of whiskey and two tumblers before they found themselves a quiet, secluded booth. Hannibal sipped at his whiskey and handled it like one should. Will drank it more quickly, feeling like getting drunk as he didn’t need to get up early.

“It’s good,” Hannibal said. “Your palate for whiskey is certainly praiseworthy.”

“Thanks, I suppose.” Will smiled sheepishly, but got slightly uncomfortable as Hannibal remained quiet, waiting for Will to steer the conversation. “Well, with me it was an alcoholic father that turned me into a whiskey man. What turned you into such a wine connoisseur?” he asked, deciding he might as well make Hannibal uncomfortable back. It did not work.

“I spent a lot of my childhood and youth traveling Europe. Italy and France, the wine capitals of the world. Those around me appreciated wine and I inherited their passion as well.” He

continued drinking the whiskey, slowly, while glancing at Will's empty glass with amused eyes. "Have you been to Europe?"

"Yes, I studied in France and would often drive through the surrounding countries with classmates. Even broke my leg skiing in Switzerland."

Realizing Will was well travelled as well seemed to make his smug face even more smug, which Will thought was impossible. "Where in France did you live?"

"Paris, unfortunately."

"You dislike it?"

"No," Will answered hesitantly. There was glint of disbelief in the alpha's eyes, but he said nothing as he finished his whiskey and poured them both another glass. As soon as it stopped pouring, Will grabbed the tumbler and downed it.

Drink Two

"Actually, yes. I hated it."

Hannibal had just put the glass to his lips as he spoke and had to stop to let out a sudden laugh. "Why would you hate Paris?" he asked, smiling. "It's one of my favorite cities."

"Because you're rich." Will left it at that. Being annoying and argumentative was a sure sign he was getting too drunk. He found it curious he was getting this drunk already, but suddenly realized they had already shared a bottle of wine at the restaurant. And by shared, it meant that Hannibal had two small glasses, still thinking he would drive, and Will had finished the rest. "Rich people live in the small nice areas of Paris. They don't see the piss soaked streets and apartments the size of a sedan."

"But the city have some of the world's most impressive art. You seem to me like a man who enjoy such things?"

"I do. I loved the Louvre, and I would have loved it even more if it was somewhere else. Like Somalia. Would make a vast improvement."

"What of the architecture?"

"Doesn't make up for the fact the buildings are full of rude people."

"Great food."

"If you like eating things that were covered in slime when they were alive."

That had him tongue tied, but he was amused rather than annoyed. He surprised Will by finishing his drink in one swift gulp and made only a short and dignified frown as the alcohol burned his throat. "Another?" he asked.

Drink five

“My dad is a good man,” Will said, only slurring his words a little, and Hannibal nodded a little too exaggerated in response. “Not a lot of fathers would have been okay with what I did as a teenager. I would not have been okay with that if I met some shitty little brat of an omega like me.” Will slid down onto the table, resting his chin on his arm. “Some of the things I did were stupid and reckless. Do you realize I went out in the middle of the night during my heat? Who does that?”

“Were you okay?” Hannibal asked, sounding concerned as if it was happening as they spoke.

“I was almost raped. I stabbed some alpha in the eye to get away. I think he survived.”

“Most likely, unless you stabbed hard enough to-”

“But I was talking about my father,” Will interrupted, too caught up in his speech to hear his conversational partner. “He is a good man. But the fucking alcohol. It really ruins a person.”

A long heavy silence followed, where all he heard was the distant chatter of the few other patrons. “Did he always drink?” Hannibal asked carefully.

“No.” Will sat back up, feeling the alcohol rush to his head for a moment. “Not when I was young and my mom was still around. Then she left us, and he gradually started drinking more and more. He stopped when I reached my first heat, and stayed sober for a while. But after I left for college, he started again.”

“How did you feel when you first realized?”

“Disappointed. Angry with myself.”

Hannibal’s eyes narrowed. “Why were you angry with yourself?”

“Because I let my guard down. Didn’t want to… Hey!” He pointed an accusing finger at the alpha and he dared look confused at the act.

“What?”

“Don’t treat me like I’m your patient,” Will spat.

He chuckled, taking another sip of his whiskey and putting a hand on Will’s. Had he been sober, he wouldn’t have allowed it, but the hand was nice and large, and his fingers long and soft. It felt nice as they ran circles around his knuckles. “I apologize. It’s hard to turn it off sometimes.”

“Tell me something sad about yourself.” Will still didn’t make any move to stop Hannibal’s hand fondling.

“Something sad?”

“To make us even. Even stevens.” Hannibal snorted a laugh at the ridiculous phrase, but composed himself quickly. “So, something sad about yourself?” Will pressed.

“My sad is too sad. It will ruin the moment.” He was still smiling and moved Will’s hand so that he was now trailing circles in his palm.

“More sad than alcoholic father sad?”

“Parents and younger sister getting murdered sad.”

Well, no wonder there was no pity in his eyes. “Okay, fair enough. Too sad. Let’s stick to my alcoholic father.” Will, with the hand not in Hannibal’s hand, reached for the bottle which by now was empty and sighed. “The way this conversation is going, I need to get more drunk. Another bottle?”

“You think that’s a good idea?” he asked, frowning and smiling sheepishly. “I haven’t been this drunk since university, I’m not sure if I should continue.”

“Oh, then we are definitely getting more. It’s therapeutic. Trust me. I do this a lot.” Will leaned over to pat Hannibal’s shoulder, missed on the first attempt, but managed on the second, and left for another bottle.

Drink ????

“You know what I like about you, Hannibal?” Will said and put a hand on his cheek, pushing it up to open his mouth. “Your teeth.”

“Why?” he asked, with some difficulty as Will hadn’t yet allowed him the use of his lips.

He let go of Hannibal’s face, which was a bit rough from stubble. “Because they look human. The rest of you kind of gives off a robot serial killer sort of vibe, but your teeth are like, stained, like human teeth.”

Hannibal sat silently for a while, processing what had just been said. “Because I drink wine and coffee,” he finally said.

“I think you’re scared of the dentist.”

“I am a doctor. I used to be a surgeon.”

“Hannibal’s scared of the dentist,” Will sang and snorted, making Hannibal laugh too as he tried to keep a stern face and tell Will off.

“I am not scared of the dentist. I dislike the dentist, and the American obsession with unnaturally white and straight teeth. Like yours.” The latter only said with some resentment.

“Mine are natural,” Will said and grinned wide. “Didn’t even have braces. Just drink whiskey instead of coffee and wine, and you’ll have Hollywood teeth as well.”

Hannibal put his finger up to berate him for something or other, but the bartender approaching stopped him, and the two of them looked up at the older beta with an exasperated expression. “Sorry to interrupt your date-”

“Is not a date,” Will was quick to say, words slurred.

“But the bar is closing.”

“This early?”

“It’s four a.m. and you are the only ones left.”

Will looked up from their booth and found to his surprise that they were in fact the only ones left. The bartender collected their empty glasses and bottles as Will awkwardly watched Hannibal and trying to decide what to do next.

How it happened was a bit hazy. Something about Hannibal needing something from his car, and Will having nothing better to do than follow him there, and all of a sudden he found himself without his jeans and underwear, and straddled on top of the alpha. He wasn’t complaining though. He’d be lying if he said he had forgotten how it felt to be stretched just right and have the smell of alpha filling his nostrils. He was reminded every time he had sex and it just felt like something was missing. But it was different again with Hannibal. Despite the sex honestly not being the best, rushed and drunkenly selfish as it was, it felt perfect somehow. It was as if both knew by instinct where to touch and what to do to make the other’s eyes roll back in their head with ecstasy. Maybe it was just the alcohol.

“Am I your first alpha then?” Hannibal whispered into his ear.

“Huh?” Will uttered, a bit too drunk and full of cock for his brain to function.

“You said you never sleep with alphas. Am I your first?”

“You are.” Will didn’t regret saying at the moment, because Hannibal’s thrust grew stronger with excitement, because he was alpha after all.

He orgasmed with a loud moan that somebody must have heard, but he was too drunk and too enticed by the man under him to bother thinking about it. Hannibal must have come too, but Will hadn’t noticed it happening, too enraptured by his own pleasure. But as he laid back and rested his body against the back of the driver’s seat, Hannibal leaned forwards and put his face to Will’s chest, leaving lazy kisses around his nipples while his hands pushed his sweater up. Once they had caught their breath, Hannibal let the sweater fall back down, freeing his hands to caress Will’s face and gently run his fingers along his jaw and lips. Will couldn’t remember if they had kissed before this, and as Hannibal’s face moved closer, he tried to back away, but only hit the back of the driver seat’s headrest half an inch behind him and was stuck. He wasn’t mad about it though. The thought of stopping him lasted only half a second after their lips met. It was chaste. Totally unfitting to what they had just done, and tasted primarily of whiskey. It was a lovely kiss.

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He woke up to a dog licking his face, on the floor with a pillow from the sofa under his head, with no recollection of how he got home, nor any understanding of what that incessant

ringing in his ear was. He soon realized it was his phone and picked up while lazily and unsuccessfully trying to push Winston away from his face. “Hello,” he spoke hoarsely.

“I blame you for this,” Hannibal spoke with an equally hoarse voice, albeit with more anger. Will could barely understand the thick accent.

“Sorry about holding that gun to your head. That was rude of me.”

There was a long, loud sigh on the other end. “How did we get home?”

“I have no idea” Will said and rubbed his eyes. “As long as it wasn’t by police escort, I don’t care. You don’t have anything important to do today, do you?”

“No. Luckily. You?”

Will was about to say no, then shot up from his make-shift floor bed as he realized he did in fact have something important to do. Dizzily he looked around the room until he found his wall clock. Fortunately, it seemed Hannibal had woken him just in time to make it. “Just a doctor’s appointment.”

“You will need to make this up to me,” Hannibal said sternly.

“How?” Will asked as he searched for his pants, Winston at his heels.

“By coming to dinner tonight.”

“We’re going out again?” The pants were on the kitchen counter next to a full bowl of cereal that had gone mushy from being left forgotten.

“I was actually thinking you could come to my place.” Will stopped moving then, needing to focus on what Hannibal was saying. “I will cook for you. Also, I came to realize that we didn’t get to speak very much about your research, and I would still like to do so.”

Will had to refuse. He knew very well that Hannibal used the research as the only excuse Will would accept. If he went there, it would appear that he was interested in Hannibal, which he was not. Not as more than a friend at least. If he said yes, things could get hairy. “Sure, I’ll come. Seven?”

“Seven.”

They said their goodbyes and hung up. Will was too stunned to even put the phone down. He had just agreed to a date. He never went on dates. This was getting ridiculous. With some trepidation, he put the pants on and walked to the nearest mirror. He looked better than he felt, but it was still pretty bad. He wished he’d had time to take a shower before someone were to look between his legs. Someone who was not Hannibal.

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The gynecologist office was relatively empty, but Will was still let in twenty minutes after his scheduled appointment. With far too many alpha gynecologists, Will was happy to have

found an omega one, only to be let down by this one's equally prehistoric views on how an omega should behave. He was a man in his late forties, with children's drawings proudly displayed on the wall and a belly round and floppy from many pregnancies. Typical that Will would end up with this kind of doctor, but at this point he was too lazy to find another one.

"Regular check-up, right Mr. Graham?" the doctor asked in a somewhat condescending manner.

Will sat down in the chair with his legs up, baring his privates, and nodded awkwardly. "I also need to renew my suppressant prescription," Will said, making the doctor frown.

"How old are you now, Mr. Graham?" he asked as he started his prodding.

"Thirty." He winced as a cold instrument was shoved inside him.

"You have been on suppressants for a very long time, Mr. Graham," the doctor said, not looking up from Will's genitals. "Too long in my opinion. At this point you'll lose your heats and become sterile any moment."

"Perfect," Will said and gave a thumbs up. "Sooner the better."

The doctor sighed. "You only have a few childbearing years left, and now that you have an alpha, you should really think about starting heat assistant medication to help ease you off the suppressants."

"I don't have an alpha. It was just a one-night stand."

The doctor paused, just long enough for Will to think maybe he was not personally offended like he first thought, but had instead found something medically wrong. A condescending sigh both pissed him off and made him feel relieved. "I see," the doctor said.

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That night at Hannibal's home, very little, if anything was said about Will's research or their jobs. Instead they spoke of novels and art, and Hannibal surprised with his cooking skills, with an albeit light dinner accompanied by water. Hannibal spoke of losing his parents and younger sister. About being orphaned and alone until he was found by his aunt and uncle, who currently lived in Paris. He learned that his first impression of him was wrong. Hannibal was not arrogant, he was simply confident in his abilities, and strongly aware of both what he was capable of and what he was not. They talked of how Will missed his mother. Then there were some conversations Will couldn't remember the topic of altogether, but remembered that he had enjoyed. They kissed again. They made love again. This time horizontally on Hannibal's ridiculously large bed that was too comfortable for words.

The previous time they made love, it had been selfish and rushed. Now they took their time. Will took note of the little scars he found, of where Hannibal had moles, the feel of his coarse chest hair underneath his hand, and the way he smelled and tasted. Every kiss was languid and sweet as they lay on their sides facing each other, with Hannibal slightly uncomfortably inside of him due to how their legs were tangled up, yet neither of them wanted to move. At

least not until they were on the verge of orgasm, and Hannibal got on top of him and pushed in harder while gently grasping Will's cock and kissing his neck and jaw. They came together. The convulsions in one causing pleasure in the other. Though Will couldn't tell who started.

Will was certain that would be the last day he spent with Dr. Hannibal Lecter, but with each time Hannibal called him, there was a one last time. Days turned to weeks, and weeks to months, but it wasn't until one day when Will brought Winston over, and the dog was too used to the house to even bother to sniff and went to sleep in his designated spot without guidance, that Will began to worry things were getting out of hand.

One Friday afternoon, sitting in their shared office looking over their respective students' papers, Beverly let out a loud, disappointed sigh. "I am happy for you, but I wish we had met a bit earlier," she said.

"What do you mean?" Will asked.

"I wanted us to go out and be slutty together," she explained with a playful grin. "But alas, you were snatched from me before we ever got the chance."

"I am not snatched!" Will exclaimed.

"And I am the queen of Korea," she said absentmindedly, having already returned to correcting papers.

"Hannibal and I are just friends."

"Who fuck a lot."

"Well… yes."

She pushed her papers away and looked up at Will with concerned eyes. "I have seen the way he looks at you. That man can be hard to read sometimes, but his feelings for you are so obvious it's quite frankly embarrassing to watch. There is nothing wrong with sleeping around, Will, but don't break people's hearts. If you're not interested in a relationship, don't lead him on."

Will swallowed heavily and nodded. Everything she said was true, and he would have to end it or at the very least clarify where the two of them stood if things were to continue. It was just that the idea of losing Hannibal was getting harder to take.

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Will meant to bring up the conversation at some point, once he had gained the courage, but a few days after his talk with Beverly, it was Hannibal who started it. They were sitting in Hannibal's living room, having just had a rather unusually quiet and awkward dinner, while Winston slept on the floor blissfully unaware of the tension. "I am deeply infatuated with you, Will," he said. "But I fear my feelings are not reciprocated."

Closing his eyes, he tried to will the right words to come to him, but he wasn't sure there was any right words to choose from. "I really enjoy spending time with you, and I really enjoy having sex with you. For now, can't we just leave it like that?"

Hannibal took a deep breath and fixed his eyes on the burning wood in the fireplace. "It has been a long time since I have felt this insecure, you know. When I am with you I feel so incredibly happy, but when you're not, there is this dreadful feeling in my gut I might never see you again. I grasp for you, but my fingers slip right through as if you were a spectre."

Will shifted where he sat, unsure of what to say and unable to really look at the alpha. "I'm just a person. Nothing special." Subconsciously he moved to sit on the very edge of the couch, ready to sprint at any moment." I don't really understand your infatuation with me anyway. What is it about me that makes me so great? You're a handsome, wealthy alpha. You could have anyone. What are you doing falling in love with some weird, broken omega like me?"

"I don't see you that way."

"How do you see me?"

"I am particular about my romantic partners, Will. I have waited a long time for someone to come along that could make my heart skip a beat." He paused for a long time, putting Will on edge. "I wanted this juxtaposition of someone who could keep me on my toes as well as provide me comfort. Someone to challenge me and with whom I felt I could be myself, and be understood. Someone whose beauty and mind inspired me to art and poetry. You are that person. No one has come close before, and there you are. Utter perfection." He took a deep breath and faced him again, staring intently, and refused to say anything else before Will turned back to him again. "And you don't want me back."

Something inside him wanted to scream "I do" and kiss the man right there. But he stopped himself and stood abruptly from the couch. He had no idea why he had, and tried to think of an excuse. "Winston needs a walk." Winston's head shot up as he heard his name and the word walk that close together, and stripping him of the choice to take it back as he excitedly ran for the front door.

"Now?" Hannibal asked.

"I'll be back soon. I need to think for a bit. Is that okay?"

Hannibal sighed and nodded, and walked Will and Winston to the door. For a moment, it looked as if Hannibal was not about to let Will go. His eyes widened and he opened his mouth to speak, and Will waited for it in anticipation as he stood on the steps. But he changed his mind and his lips formed a resigned and sad smile. He was not expecting Will to return. Will wasn't sure he was going to.

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Rather than walk, he got into his car and drove. It took nearly half an hour before he realized where he was driving, and he wasn't sure if that would do him any good, but why not. If

nothing else, Winston would enjoy himself. It was another hour before he pulled up next to his father's cottage and was met with a pack of dogs, all of which Will had saved over the years, and all ended up at his father's because they were too old or ugly to be rehomed. Never mind that they were great dogs. Winston ran out the car excitedly and forgot all about his owner as he vanished out onto the field with the others.

"Will?" his father asked, scowling in the setting sun as he peeked out from the door.

"Dad," he greeted and walked up to the house.

"The inside is a bit of a mess. Why don't we sit out here?" Bill said and pointed to the bench on the porch. It was freezing and frost layered the ground, but Will didn't protest. "Want some scotch?"

"Sure."

His father went inside to retrieve some drinks and pillows to sit on. When he came back out he slammed it all carelessly on the bench and nearly fell on top of it. "What did you come out here unannounced for?" he asked, just a little miffed. Will knew he hated surprise visits, as he wanted to sober up and clean first, but he hadn't really known he was coming either.

"I think I just needed to talk to someone that knows me well."

His stern expression faltered. "I am all ears."

Will took a long sip of his whiskey, savoring the taste and feel of it before swallowing."I have been seeing this guy. An alpha."

Bill raised his eyebrows in sincere shock. "Really? As in dating?" He chuckled. "See, I thought I smelled something on you last time you were here."

Will rolled his eyes, but decided against saying anything. "I thought we were just friends, but he wants more, like all of them."

"So why don't you just leave this one as well?"

Filling the silence of Will's absent answer was the dogs barking and running, excited about their younger playmate. "Because I don't want to leave. I want things to stay like they are. I enjoy talking to him and spending time with him, and sorry, but the sex is really good." His father made a face, but still chuckled. "And I don't understand why he has to ruin everything by demanding a commitment-"

"Will."

"What?"

"I want you to answer me honestly. Can you do that?"

Will shifted in his chair, a little concerned. "Sure." He wasn't sure at all.

“Do you think about him when he’s not with you?”

“Yes.”

“Are you excited when he calls you?”

“Kind of.”

“Are there things about him that would annoy you of it was someone else, but because it’s him, it’s okay?”

“Yes.”

“You’re in love,” his father said flatly, and leaned back in his chair and drank.

“Are you sure?” Will asked, fully aware his voice was whiny.

“Yes.”

“Fuck!” He groaned loudly and buried his face in his hands, and his father burst out into laughter. Some of the dogs stopped their playing to see what was happening, but determining nobody’s life was in danger, continued as if nothing had happened. “But why? How did this happen?” Will asked his father, the world, and nothing, gesturing wildly. “I’ve never been in love before.”

“Is it that bad?” his father asked, still laughing but calming down some. He tried to drink from his glass but failed and had to put it back down for the moment.

“It is that bad! I am constantly thinking about him, and he consumes so much of my life and time. Stop smiling! This is not something to be smiling about.”

His father shrugged and gave him a sharp slap on the shoulder. “You’ve made your stand, Will. You’ve made it on your own; no alpha to help you. There certainly wasn’t any help from me, even if I wished I could have provided some.” His jovial smile turned melancholy, and Will knew he was thinking of his omega, Will’s other parent who he had no recollection of. His eyes were trailing the dogs running across the field while also looking far away, watching something Will couldn’t see. “So don’t consider this needing an alpha,” he said suddenly. “But wanting one. Because you do want this one, don’t you?”

“I guess,” Will said, breathing loudly through his nose as his teeth gritted with his reluctance to say those words. He wanted Hannibal. “You’re not going to like him.”

He arched his brows with surprise. “Why not?”

“He’s a doctor. A practicing psychiatrist.”

His father winced like he’d stepped in something disgusting. “Why would you be dating a psychiatrist? Even you hate psychiatrists.”

“Yeah, well, shit happens.” He downed his drink. “I’m going to run for a bit with the dogs. Need to clear my head before I drive back.”

“Probably should have refused the whiskey.”

“Thought I’d be staying, but apparently I’m not.”

His father took his glass from him and put it away on the ground beneath the bench. “Going back to him then? Happy as I am you’ve found someone, I’m not sure I approve anymore now that I know it’s a shrink.” It was only half joking.

Will brushed him off and ran off to the dogs, enjoying the happy barks and wet noses against his face, while the cold wind tore pleasantly at his throat. He was supposed to think more, but his father was right. It seemed stupid to deny himself what he wanted out of principles. Especially as Hannibal was nothing like the alphas he was used to. He’d be happy with him, he was sure.

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Hannibal looked surprised when he opened the door for him at midnight, and uncertain whether or not he should be happy to see him. “I didn’t think you were coming back.”

“I wasn’t sure I was, but here I am.” He laughed awkwardly, and bit his lips to stop himself from ever doing that again. “I want you, Hannibal,” he said, finally. “I reciprocate.”

For several seconds they only stood there on each side of the open front door, staring at each other dumbfounded, but soon Hannibal broke into a wide smile, showing those stupid crooked teeth Will liked so much. It didn’t take more for Will to jump into his arms and kiss him. Will was pulled into the house, and without detaching from his lips, Hannibal steered him towards the living room where the fire was still roaring and the book Will had been reading before their talk was left on the coffee table. Will imagined Hannibal had been fretting about what to do with it all night and a knot of guilt formed in his stomach.

“I love you,” Hannibal said breathily between kisses, and Will was surprised he didn’t freeze with fear. Instead his heart leaped with joy and his whole body tingled with pleasure like he was close to an orgasm.

“I love you too.” Against his better judgment, he put his hands on Hannibal’s chest and pushed him slightly, creating enough distance between them to make it difficult to lean in for a kiss, but close enough to still feel his still kiss-heavy breath on him. “I just, I need to say something before this… you and me, become a thing.”

“Of course.”

“I’m not going to change. I’m not going to stop working to be a homemaker that takes care of you. If you try to make that happen I will most likely murder you. I just… I need you to know that before this becomes serious.”

“I don’t expect you to change, Will. I don’t want you to change. Nor will I change, besides how we all are molded by time and occurrences.” He ran a hand through Will’s wavy locks, studying them with reverence in his eyes. “Let me make love to you, Will.”

Will nodded, allowing Hannibal to undress him. He’d wanted to shower before something like this would happen, sweaty as he was from running with the dogs. But Hannibal was breathing him in like he was scenting fine wine and nibbling lightly at his skin.

They fell to the soft rug in front of the fireplace in a heap of limbs and discarded clothes. When every item of clothing was removed, Hannibal took him gently on the floor. For the very first time, Will relinquished all his control, letting Hannibal guide him through their movements, knowing he could take it back if he wanted to, but at that moment he didn’t want to. They came together, in a beautifully cliched simultaneous orgasm that had them both calling out the other’s name, and after only a few minutes of rest, they were at it again.

After his third orgasm of the night, Will fell back exhausted. Even if he would wake up with a crick in his neck and a sore back, there was no way he was moving from the spot on the floor. He wasn’t even sure if he physically could. Hannibal seemed to agree and settled next to him, allowing Will to trail circles through his thick chest hair, and the alpha made a content sound. “Am I finally allowed to think of our future?” Hannibal asked, barely above a whisper.

“Yes,” Will said, smiling stupidly as he too thought of their future. “You can show me Florence like you talked about. I’d really love to go.”

“I was thinking of grander things.”

“Grander things?” Will asked in a drowsy whisper. “What’s more grand than your favorite city in the world?”

“Bonding. Children. Those sort of grand things.”

Will was certain his heart stopped for a moment, taking a long breath of preparation before going berserk in his chest. How could this happen? Hannibal had been so perfect. “You want children?”

“Why would I not want children?”

“I don’t know. You’re just always so impeccable, and children are very… peccable.”

“I’m not that impeccable, am I?” His smile was uncertain as he twirled a lock of Will’s hair around his finger. “It’s always been my dream to have a family, having lost my own very early. I thought you’d think similarly.”

The opposite had happened for Will. He didn’t want anyone he could lose. He didn’t want anyone to have power and control over him, even if it was power exerted through love and not violence. But he also knew that everything depended on his response, but now that he had at last made up his mind to stay with this alpha, letting him go seemed impossible. “It’s just, you know… I want to wait a bit. To be bonded for a few years. Travel some more now that I

finally have the money to do so comfortably. Finish my stupid research on alpha and omega dynamics."

"Of course," Hannibal said. "I want all of this for you as well."

"So… in a few years?"

"In a few years." Hannibal pulled him close and gave him a closed-lipped kiss. In a few years. Many things could change in a few years. Perhaps Hannibal would realize Will was enough. Perhaps Will would have become infertile due to the many years he'd been on suppressants. And less likely, perhaps Will would want children too.

A few months later he still wasn't sure, but he decided to stop taking the suppressants, leaving his options open.

Chapter End Notes

BTW, this chapter is actually meant to be the second to last chapter, but I needed a bit more time on the actual chapter because it just wasn't doing what I wanted it to do, and also I wanted to give you guys something long after all that waiting. And one more thing (last thing, promise), I am doing some edits on this fic as I post new chapters. Currently only "the Heat" is edited, but "the Grandfather" will be edited tomorrow, as this is the chapter I'm the least happy with.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!